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YESTERDAY IS DEAD by Stuart Cloete, a challenging Coronet Bookette

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HERE AT LAST IS YOUR PLAIN-SPEAKING ON "INSIDE" ENGLAND, BY A MAN WHO MEASURES WELL THE WORDS HE SPEAKS



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# My Advice to Churchill

by H. G. WELLS

I want to make an appeal to the patriotism and common sense of my fellow countrymen in general and of the members of the Conservative Party entrenched in their Parliamentary majority in particular.

The proposals I am about to make are ones I would attempt to carry out if I were Winston Churchill. Being merely Herbert G. Wells, I can only state them.

Certain plain necessities and certain patriotic obligations are being disregarded, and that disregard may very well cost us that victory over Hitlerism which still lies within our reach—albeit a little less closely than it did in the great days of the bus-missing and hat-eating speeches of your all too representative leader, the late Mr. Chamberlain.

Essentially Britain is One in

this war. Solidly one. It faces the world, confident in its high ideals, battling not only for itself but for the freedom, liberty and happiness of all mankind.

The whole island is united upon that; the miner and the poacher, peer's son, cook's son, and so on, constitute a single solid block of resolution. Ask them. "We fight!" The truth is that, deep in our natures, we like fighting. If it were merely a case of man to man there would be no doubt about the issue of this war.

But when it comes to telling one another and the world what we are fighting for, there is so much vagueness in what we say and what we permit to have said for us that every undecided neutral is perplexed about it, and even our home front is uncertain and confused. We puzzle and irritate the Americans; the Russians evidently mistrust us profoundly; India, Ireland, South Africa, Islam, the potential helpers we might find from Cape Tarifa to the North Cape, who might be taking the utmost risks of insurrection and guerilla warfare if they felt sure of our unqualified support, betray a justifiable lack of conviction about our intentions.

We know we are in the right, anyhow, but have we made that plain to all the great human majority with whom our outlook is irrevocably associated? We are, beyond all dispute, losing the war of propaganda—and that is more than half the present war. Why is this? And what has to be done about it?

In 1918 this country and America both spoke with two voices. Both conducted a vigorous propaganda of the League of Nations idea, which was immensely enforced by President Wilson's Fourteen Points, and there can be no doubt that the hope of a possible pacification of Europe upon tolerable lines did much to weaken the spirit of resistance of the Central European Powers. The Germans have always maintained that their indisputable military collapse was brought about by the great effec-

tiveness of our propaganda.

It was only later that the world realized that there was no real authority behind the promises of the Anglo-American propaganda. The Senate went back upon and repudiated Wilson, and the world at large became aware of a complex of secret agreements and understandings contrived by the Foreign Offices and their diplomatic network, which completely vitiated the hoped-for settlement. But at the time the propaganda of the Western Allies did its work very thoroughly. At a price. No rational man will ever trust any propaganda again, unless it carries the full weight of a Government guarantee.

War propaganda, like the machine-gun, the aeroplane, the tank and the submarine, was an invention of the Western democracies, but all these things the meticulous German has studied and used with a thoroughness far surpassing our fluctuating methods. His propaganda at the present time is admirably directed, unified in its aim and quite devastatingly better than our own. He has carried the double voice method to new levels.

It is no good disguising the truth. Day by day it beats us. We, on the contrary, no longer speak even with two voices. We speak with a babble of voices. I want to suggest that we have come to a point when it is imperative that, unless we are to experience a disaster that may involve the whole world, we should speak now with a single voice—dropping even the discredited two-voice ambiguity of 1918-and say plainly what we have in our hearts about this war.

Since this conflict broke out, a number of us have been agitating for a plain statement of our war aims. Now, after more than a year of war, we still fight on with no clear convincing definition of what it is we fight for and what it is all about.

Consider what we have representing us. There is first of all that mysterious, devious and finally decisive body, the Foreign Office and the diplomatic service. Foreign Ministers, ambassadors and diplomatic methods came into existence in the days of personal monarchy in the seventeenth century, to promote the dynastic interests and mutual aggressions of the various kings and princes of Europe.

The common people had scarcely come into existence then as a factor in international affairs. They were passive in the subtle and dangerous game of kingcraft.

Since then the world has changed utterly but at no time has there been any modernization of diplomatic methods. They are about as well adapted to the needs of these vast modern communities which are struggling so monstrously now to some sort of world understanding, as Don Quixote on Rosinante is to fight a modern bomber or a tank. Yet that old Foreign Office is our First Voice, whispering, promising, committing our people to I know not what mean and disastrous things.

Then there is a strange, elusive body, the British Council, which appears to be responsible for a pamphlet called The British Case, a pamphlet written mainly by Lord Lloyd, with a preface by our former Foreign Minister and present Ambassador to the United States, Lord Halifax, and issued by the publishers usually entrusted with Government publications. It is a statement of incomparable presumption and offensiveness, and I cannot understand why men like Messrs. Greenwood, Bevin, Dalton and Morrison, for example, have consented to sit in the same Government with its two chief perpetrators.

Thirdly, there are the voices of the various Ministers of the Crown. each discharging himself freely

against foreigners. Next we have a Press which is generally understood to be under some sort of retrospective punitive censorship, so that that too is to count in the list of our media of expression.

Then we have a Ministry of Information which is understood to be definitely propagandist. It suffers and has suffered since the beginning of the War from chronic reorganization, and naturally it says all sorts of things.

Now I want to urge the necessity of putting an end to all this forthwith. I suggest that with Lord Halifax out, we put the Foreign Office into action; that we make a very small group of menfor example, Prime Minister Churchill, Mr. Ernest Bevin, who is indispensable, and Sir Archibald Sinclair or Mr. Dalton or Sir Robert Vansittart or Mr. Lloyd George-into a Committee of Foreign Relations, responsible for the entire control of our foreign affairs, our diplomacies and our propaganda activity, with the fullest powers for suppressing sabotage; that this Committee draw up a definite memorandum upon our objectives in this war, a statement of our war aims and, in more detail and with less publicity, the methods to be employed, to which all this present disastrous medley of utterances shall be made to conform.

And upon one thing, in the name of this unified face we have to present to the world. I want to speak plainly to the patriotic gentlemen of the old Conservative Party. The whole world doubts how far the spirit of social reaction may not still deflect our country from its championship of human freedom. There is only one way of dispelling these doubts. The ideas of mutual concessions and national unity in the face of an enemy are very deep in the British tradition. You are face to face now with an urgent necessity to clear the national character of every suspicion of Petainism, Fascism and pro-Franco weakness.

Surely you realize now, with the German guns trained on Gibraltar and a unanimous Spanish Press clamoring for our defeat, how monstrously you blundered in your failure to sustain the honest Republican Government of Spain against the Franco Pronunciamento; and how far your prejudice against treating Russia with the respect or civility you have been so eager to concede to Goering and Mussolini has endangered us, and will continue to discredit and endanger us so long

as you cling to office. You have been deceived, impudently and repeatedly, and you know it.

No doubt you have your full excuses; we do not question you are honorable and patriotic men.

Let us not recriminate. It is just because I believe that you are honorable and patriotic men that I implore you to have the magnanimity to acknowledge the error of your ways, to make this sacrifice to our national unity and withdraw into positions where you can do no further harm. And when I say you, I mean the Chamberlain section of the Conservative Party in general, and in particular Sir Samuel Hoare, whom we associate with the traitor Laval, Lord Lloyd, Viscount Caldecote, Lord Simon and Sir Kingsley Wood.

I am not attacking you. I am pointing out to you a magnificent opportunity for service. Please get out of the way of the country, now,

while the going is good.

Once or twice in the past I have made successful prophecies. All prophecies are conditional, and I will simply remark now that sitting in the House as you do, still playing the old familiar political game, in a country already bankrupt and badly entangled, fighting splendidly but fighting at an immense disadvantage because of your faults, you seem to have not the slightest inkling of the storm of bitter scorn, indignation and revolutionary resentment that may presently break upon you. In spite of your Parliamentary advantages I implore you to get out of the picture now. I gather you are preparing some sort of electoral law to gerrymander the constituencies and save your Party from being swept out at the next election.

If I were you I wouldn't dream of sitting on the safety-valve in that fashion.

#### Fault-Finders Preferred

"When I take a man and his wife out to try to sell them a house," says a real estate man, "and they seem pleased over every detail of the place, the chances are ten to one that they will never buy it. But when a man begins to find fault with the things about the house, I take hope. He's perhaps getting ready to drive a bargain and doesn't want me to know he really likes the place."

-DAVID FRENCH

A PLEA FROM A FAMED DAUGHTER OF FRANCE TO THE SONS OF THE TRICOLOR: LET THEM TAKE ARMS AGAINST GERMANY UNDER BRITAIN'S BANNER



## **Last Chance for France**

by EVE CURIE

During the visit of the King and Queen of England to France two years ago, one of the most impressive military reviews I have ever seen was held at Versailles in honor of King George VI.

The French army was then intact. France was still free and great, and we French were still the friends and allies of the British Empire . . .

More recently King George VI was greeted at an embarkation camp "somewhere in England" by the free French forces of General De Gaulle. At De Gaulle's side he reviewed the several detachments of volunteers.

On that occasion, however, long-range cannon of French manufacture, set up by the Germans on the French coast, were bombarding the British Isles from across the Channel, and British airplanes were bombing aviation fields and other military objectives in occupied France—in Brittany, Calais, Normandy and Touraine and on the Isle of France, only a few miles from Versailles.

Today the French army has been disarmed and dispersed. The Germans are in Paris and Versailles, at Brest and Bordeaux. France is captive: her territory serves as a strategic base from which Germany attacks England. The officers and the soldiers who welcomed King George VI at Versailles two years ago have been condemned to death.

Across an interval of two years the contrast between these two ceremonies, that at Versailles and the more recent one "somewhere in England," tears one's heart. Seeing King George in his Marshal's uniform, wearing among his decorations the Legion of Honor as he appeared at the entrance to that sun-flooded English camp; watching that young King who is the most gracious officer in Europe pace slowly past the motionless troops amid a sudden and overwhelming silence, I thought of that earlier reception at Versailles and of the trim figure of the young English King surrounded, in that official retinue, by generals and ministers of State of whom certain ones were later to accept all too easily the crushing of their native land.

I remembered the marching of those regiments in arms, the proud music, the uniforms, the distinctive step that gives to the French army a natural suppleness, an incomparable sort of youth and gaiety. I remembered the loud rattling of the tanks along the pavement, the merry clatter of the horses' hoofs, the insistent roaring of the planes overhead. I remembered, above all, the uninterrupted shouting of the crowds acclaiming their soldiers and defenders-acclaiming, in the person of the King of England, the symbol of French and British friendship and the living link between all parts of the British Empire.

At that time, indeed, it seemed

that victory would inevitably be ours. Hope rode at its highest. Once before we had met with our combined forces the full might of the Germans. Once before, even though only after years of bloody conflict, we had turned them back in defeat. Somehow, we could not feel otherwise than confident. All would surely end in our favor.

For three days a fire of en thusiasm burned spontaneously around the persons of King George and the exquisite Queen Elizabeth. The people of France, already menaced by catastrophe, instinctively called their army to their aid and gave their confidence for peace or war, for good fortune or bad, to the greatest empire in the world.

And then things went wrong—too many things. Facts which had been taken for granted for so many years turned out to be appallingly untrue. Shock followed shock, mental and moral as well as physical. The days of the parade and the passing of troops in review seemed far away, now that these same troops were locked in the grim embrace of mortal combat. But still the fight was waged and still, with that proud hope so difficult to quench, confidence was placed in the ultimate victory.

The French army, however, met the terrible shock of a longprepared German attack and was defeated.

A French government disavowed all its alliances with Great Britain and signed armistices with Hitler.

The British Empire continued, alone, the bitter struggle on several fronts against the common enemy.

If no French soldier were to take part in that struggle against Germany, on which our whole future depends, the shame and the sorrow would be, for us French, utterly intolerable. It is our last and only chance for freedom.

As a girl, Eve Curie rather disappointed her famous mother, Marie Curie, to whom she was very close, by displaying no great interest in science. She did, however, win a B.Sc. in addition to a philosophy degree. The pretty Eve was more absorbed in handsome clothes, skiing and music. She made her debut as a concert pianist, wrote music, theatre and movie critiques for French journals. When publishers asked her to pen a biography of her mother she hedged, terrified by the task, but the book she finally turned out won high praise; it is a poignant portrait of the great woman. Mlle Curie went to London to work for a free France when the Nazis invaded Paris. Beginning this month, she is scheduled for a second lecture tour in the United States.

## Do You Know Your Money?

THE number of counterfeiters seized since the U. S. Secret Service began its "Know Your Money" campaign has increased beyond all expectations. Amateur detectives, equipped only with the following brief checklist of clues, have outdone themselves in detecting counterfeit bills:

1. Portrait: genuine is lifelike and stands out clearly from the oval background which is a fine screen of regular lines; the counterfeit is dull, smudgy or unnaturally white, eyes lack vitality and expression, and the background is dark with irregular, broken lines. 2. Seal: on the genuine note, the sawtooth points on the seal rim are identical and sharp; on the counterfeit note the points are usually uneven and are broken off.

3. Serial numbers: printed in distinctive style evenly and firmly and in the same color as the seal; in the counterfeit, the type style is generally different, poorly printed, badly spaced and generally uneven in appearance.

 Paper: genuine notes are printed on distinctive paper containing very small red and blue silk threads.

-THOMAS J. CALLAGHAN

Life is not one, but two. There is our waking life, and our life of dreams. As far as philosophy has been able to prove with finality, one is as real as the other. Therefore, it is occasionally enlightening to delve into that other life, as we do in these true stories:

## Your Other Life

For MANY years Col. Reynolds of Cheltenham, England, had as his regular duty the inspection of a certain length of roadway near his home. Although the road crossed several small bridges, none of these had ever proven faulty. Col. Reynolds had come to look on his job as routine.

One night in 1870 he dreamed of a certain small bridge. The dream was so detailed that there could be no doubt as to the particular span. Suddenly a dream voice said: "Go look at that bridge."

Next day, Col. Reynolds rode five miles to the bridge. It appeared to be in excellent condition. However, he waded into the water and examined the abutments. One was almost completely washed away. It was a small miracle that the bridge was standing at all.

It might be good engineering practice to include a dream watchman with every bridge.



Bound for New York, the City of Limerick ploughed through heavy seas in mid-Atlantic. It was October 3, 1863, and the passengers, worn out by heavy weather, were trying to sleep. Among them was S. R. Wilmot.

Toward morning Wilmot dreamed that his wife, who was in the United States, entered his stateroom. She wore a nightgown. As she entered she seemed to notice Wilmot's cabin mate. After hesitating a moment, she kissed her husband, and left.

Wilmot's cabin mate, William J. Tait, said next morning, "You're a lucky fellow to have a lady come to visit you like that."

When asked to explain, he said that he had been awake when the lady came—and described Wilmot's wife.

When he arrived home, Wilmot was immediately asked by his wife, "Did you receive my visit a week ago on Tuesday?"

"Why—we were a thousand miles at sea!"

"I know," she replied, "but it seems to me as if I had gone to visit you.... Tell me, are all the staterooms like the one I saw you in? Is the upper berth a little farther back than the under one? There was a man in the upper berth who looked straight at me, and for a moment I was afraid to come in, but at last I came up to you, bent over you, kissed you...."



WHILE DOZING, photographer M. F. Long of Hawaii began to dream of building a phonograph cabinet. At intervals in his light sleep he awoke, then dozed off again. Each time he fell asleep his mind returned to the dream of building the cabinet.

He was surprised to discover that great progress in the work had been made during each of his waking periods. While he was awake his dream self had sawed, sanded, planed.

After about half an hour of alternately sleeping and waking, the dream cabinet was finished—an operation which would have taken days to complete. But not only did the worker in the serial dream complete the cabinet in record time, he transformed it at the last moment into a fine studio camera which sprayed water in the form of a fountain and played music.



THE FATHER of fictioneer Max Long once dreamed that the village hotel of Spring Valley, Wyoming, was crowded with injured and dying persons who had been brought there following a train wreck. He was told that a drunken engineer had driven a "helper" locomotive down the grade against schedule. It had crashed into a passenger train.

Awakening from the dream, Long dressed and went to the Spring Valley railway station, where he told his story. The station master laughed loudly. And as he laughed, the thin clicking of the telegraph sounder in the next room began to tell of a drunken engineer, of a "helper" engine, and of disaster.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

WHAT COULD THEY KNOW OF FIRST LOVE, THOSE OLD WOMEN WITH CRUEL TONGUES WHO HAD DIED AT TWENTY? A SHORT STORY



## Kleine Nachtmusik

by August Derleth

Sometimes on spring nights ghosts walk: a girl, a boy, one instant seen, lost in the next; and something there is about the way they haunt the shadowed moonlight that reaches deep into the well of dark past time, time gone—these two, whose way is old, the echoes of whose voices touch memory as lamplight warms a long-closed room—something there is that stirs the pool of time.

No bitterness is there, only a kind of wonder and the passionate knowing of these revenants come back from years gone by, from deeper darkness to a lesser dark, come once again to walk the streets and lanes of Sac Prairie where so often of spring nights they walked.

And briefly then, the measure of time falls away, is gone; they are alive again, these two, alive to each fragrance on the wind, the smell of growing things, the sweetness of leaf-fire smoke, turned earth—walking arm in arm in the moonlit lilac-sheathed air of the May night . . .

In those days I went early to the theatre, went through the April dusk before the streetlights came on flowerlike all over town, went to wait for Margery, never knowing whether she might come or be held once more away. I sat there alone in the theatre, while from outside through the open doors of the upstairs hall that was the old Electric Theatre, drifted as from a far place cries of other children still at play, rising and falling, urgent and casual. Sometimes I got up and went to the windows to look into the west, from which direction she would come; later on, when the picture was about to begin, the manager came unfailingly to cover the windows; so I looked now, while still I could.

People came after a while, by ones and twos.

Each Wednesday evening I waited so, waited and hoped, knowing her mother suspected that somewhere she met me, not knowing where. Any day she might learn, and this too would be over, this too would be done, one more small way of flight to each other closed.

She came as often as she could. Never alone, but usually with Norma, who saw nothing, heard nothing—Norma, who was her friend and mine, who brought her, sat down next to her, and forgot us both, heard nothing of the voice that whispered into Margery's ear, heard nothing of her replies.

Margery was tall even then, my size. No one thought of calling her a rangy girl, but she was. And she was mine—Margery. In those days we might have lived forever in a crowd and seen no one but each other, spoken to no one but each other, dreamed no dreams both did not have. Love held us in its magic, that warm, vital first love, the idyl of youth, the dream of spring, love sweet as the fragrance of lilacs in the heart of May,

love where a touch of hands was bliss, a kiss was ecstasy, and the close, intense embrace, mouth to mouth, was pain.

So she would come and sit there before me, and all through the picture we could speak to each other in low, tense tones, disturbing no one, speaking of love. When the old player piano sprang to life and played Annie Rooney or Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses, I touched the back of her neck with my lips and said their words for her. What went on before us on the screen came second always. If she thrilled to Pearl White's escape from the Hooded Terror, she gave no sign. Nothing of the children's excitement six rows ahead of us communicated itself to us, none of Si's wild shouting to the hero on the screen-none of this as important to Margery as my saying even less . . .

I like the way you put your hair up tonight, Margery.

I wish you could come here with me. After the show, afterward . . .

DID SHE remember every word of mine as I remembered hers?

It did not matter then, for nothing could touch those hours, those rare and scattered hours, nothing could take them away from me, as nothing could take from her the beauty of her soft eyes, her blonde hair braided on her head, her tremulous shy mouth that was no longer shy against my own when later we left the theatre and found our way so briefly to some shadowed place where we might cling to each other like lost beings, lost in a world where only night brought peace and freedom from the fear, the constant fear of being seen, being recognized, being carried on careless tongues home to mothers too far from us to understand.

Even here sometimes, the voice of my mother broke through into my consciousness. Not a girl like that, not . . . and my grandfather Adams shouting at her in quick defense, Great God in Heaven, let the boy alone!

So IT was each Wednesday evening when she came, each night like none other. Sometimes we dared to snatch a few minutes before Margery must go in, those halcyon last minutes before each night's eternity, finding some shadowed place free from prying eyes where we might cling together, mouth to mouth, as if unaware of the blood's quick pounding, the wind's soft lulling sound among the trees, the streetlight's swaying yellowly against the stars,

knowing only the blind ecstasy of love, unalloyed first love where no weight of years had yet come to condition life's every act, life's every emotion.

And here we spoke of love, belonging to each other, love like a flame between us, the sharp, hurting bitterness of parting looming before, spoke of love as our possession alone and none other's, spoke with every beautiful word we knew, with every touch of hands, of lips, with every tense embrace, stood together as one, knowing only the beautiful flowering of that ecstatic love, one now with the April night, with spring rising in grass, root, tree, with lilac fragrance given off by leaves unfurling to presage blossoms' ineffable sweetness in the park.

Here we were safe from bold curiosity, safe from her mother's jealous anger, safe from Sac Prairie and the eyes of those disappointed by life, those who might quickly seek to end our own small joy. Wind's sound in leaves, screech owl's sad wailing, the lilacs' fragrance, and the loneliness of streetlights and trees against the evening afterglow, new moon and evening star: these things held Margery, cradled this beautiful first love as the shaken throat held words never spoken.

So it was in those days; so it went on for one year, two, and then at last her mother knew. She came once more, came one last time, and sat in her old place.

"Aunt Edna told her, and now I can't go anymore."

I cursed them, the women with their prying eyes and quick, cruel tongues, cursed them in my heart, and hated them for their cold hypocrisy, knowing even then how wretched, how barren were their lives, sensing even in those early years how small their worlds, how they had died at twenty and lived now only in a mockery of life.

"No, no—there'll be some way, there must be," I cried.

We clung there to each other as on the edge of an abyss, more terrible than any yawning blackness, for it was there, intangible, the pit of time, inexorable in passing, and there was no stepping back. No moment lost could be regained, and every moment now apart was lost. Tears brimmed from her eves, her mouth trembled against mine. Never had the moonlight been so beautiful upon her face, the dark pools of her eyes; never had the flame of love burned there between us so intensely: she was in my arms, and I in hers, our young slim bodies fused as one, the magic of her pounding in my wild, mad pulse, the bitterness of parting thrusting upward now with sharp increasing pain.

Time had no end and no beginning and was gone.

I took her home that night and knew that something had been taken away, something that would not come again. I stood there looking down the street to where she lived, watched lights go on and out, one by one, until darkness held the house. There was not yet any lessening of love, but slowly, slowly, inexorably each way to the open was being closed, by age and time, by enmities and invisible laws too great to battle. Yet a little while, yet a few months to go by before inevitably she must break down, she must heed her mother's wish and go with others. go from the little world that she and I alone had made, the world too small for any other save one so close, so wise and wordless as Norma, who was both her friend and mine.

Yet a little while . . .

How many years gone by? Five years, ten... time has no measure, is an eternity between those years and now this. In October it was done, the little world was gone, lost in time past, time gone; and years went over. Margery was

married, a stranger to me now, and sometimes I see her, speak to her casually in passing: small words, trivial words—all time stands between us now, time and the intangibles of time. The sign of her is gone, the look of her is changed, she is no longer that same Margery I loved, wherever that slim young girl may be, hidden in whatever pocket of time she has thrust her forever.

But something lingers here, some revenant comes still of spring nights to walk the way we walked, and sometimes, coming down those old familiar paths in April twilight, hearing robins' carols and the meadow larks, sometimes coming down those streets in May's deep nights, with lilac fragrance and apple bloom riding south winds through Sac Prairie, something there is that lurks around a corner invisible to any eye, something there is comes out

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of long lost time, out of years gone, time past: the revenant of Margery, walking still there in the secret dark under the moon, and that other at her side: we two, unchanged, as always there in the dark, the slim forever young bodies walking arm in arm in an eternal ecstasy of love, a neverending beauty of first love: seen for one magic moment around a secret corner of the mind, and something there is that touches once again that wild boy's heart, something there is that brings once more the brave unspoken words and holds them briefly, fleetingly there in the shaken throat.

August Derleth's twenty-first book—Village Year: A Sac Prairie Journal—has just been published. The author is hovering around thirty. He regularly turns out more than a million words a year of high quality fiction, articles and poetry. Besides, he is Director of the Sauk City, Wisconsin, Board of Education and special lecturer in literature at the state university. A group of friendly literary wags have circulated the rumor that Derleth is founding a Derleth-Book-of-the-Month Club.

#### Three Guesses

A Man, still invoked during the last century, makes the following provision:

"If a single young woman prosecutes a single man for rape, the judges impanel a jury; and if this jury find him guilty, the dumpster (the temporal judge) delivers to the woman a rope, a sword, and a ring; and she has it in her choice to have him hanged, beheaded, or to marry him." —L. C. TIHANY

YOU CAN ACQUIRE A HOME OF YOUR OWN
AT MINIMUM COST IF YOU WILL BUILD IT
OF RAMMED EARTH TAKEN FROM THE SITE



## More Houses of Earth

by A. B. LEE

Since human beings stopped living in caves they have built their castles in the air or their cabins in the sky and hoped they could some day make them come true. But too often these visions were a mirage.

When they were able to bring them down to earth on a bit of land their very own, they were happy and contented. But to millions that shelter is still a dream; a goal they cannot attain, a hope they cannot fulfill.

In our struggle toward a higher civilization we have standardized our way of life, and this new order to which we must conform has forced the many to become cliffdwellers in huge piles of masonry that are shelters, but never homes. Some of us long for a way out.

And there is a way out.

Back in 1937 the writer sub-

mitted an article titled Houses of Earth to Coronet, and it appeared in the June issue of that year. It briefly told how castles in the air might be brought down to earth, and built of the earth itself. There was nothing new about this method, for it is as old as recorded history and is known in France as pisé de terre (pee-zay duh taire) the French for "rammed earth."

The response to that article was immediate and amazing. Thou-

NOTE: A previous account of Houses of Earth appeared in the June, 1937 issue of Coronet. This earlier report treated methods of construction, a phase not covered here. To those interested in further investigating this unique short cut to home-owning, Coronet will be glad to send a mimeographed copy of the original article upon receipt of a stamped self-addressed envelope. Please address the Reprint Editor. Those who wish to secure a reprint of the accompanying gatefold may do so through the use of the coupon on page 158 of this issue.





CORONET HOUSE OF EARTH rge fred keck-architect





#### A Note on the Coronet House of Earth

The main feature of this house, of course, is the fact that its walls have been constructed of earth, as described in the accompanying article. The excavation shown at the side of the house is retained merely for the purpose of demonstrating the actual conversion of the raw building material into the structure right on the site.

To simplify the constructionwork of the tamped walls, the window areas have been concentrated as shown on the plan. The important rooms face the terrace, which is located to take advantage of views and sunlight. The plan utilizes the kitchen and bathroom as a buffer between the living and sleeping rooms, insuring quiet for those who have retired. The recreation room is accessible from the living room, and has multiple uses: as a dormitory on occasion, as a playroom, as a workshop or den.

The main portion of the roof is flat and projects to lend protection to the walls. A thin sheet of water is carried on the roof in summer, cooling the house by evaporation; in winter, several feet of snow on the roof serves as an excellent insulator. In addition, the windows are placed to reach for the winter sun and radiant floor heat is utilized. These factors, together with the substantial, self-insulated walls of rammed earth, create a standard of comfortable living in a low-cost house generally unknown even in the most pretentious mansions.

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ته لنا 04  sands of inquiries were received by the editors of Coronet, asking for additional information on rammed earth houses. Every State in the Union was represented, as also were such far places as China, South Africa, Australia, India and many European countries.

But when members of the building trades were approached for their views on this type of construction there was little enthusiasm evinced. Doubts were raised in the minds of a few as to whether all was well along the rammed earth front.

#### Earth Walls Will Bear the Load

The answer was forthcoming at the National Bureau of Standards, from a man who has demonstrated that he knows what can and what cannot be done. This man is Dr. Lyman J. Briggs, noted for his intensive knowledge of laboratory procedure. The problem laid before him was the ever recurring contention by building contractors and private individuals that rammed earth walls would crumble when subjected to strains and stresses. Dr. Briggs' answer was emphatic and gratifying:

"These walls will bear the load."

The following statement was made by Dr. Briggs:

"I feel that Coronet's articles on rammed earth houses serve effectively to bring this type of construction to the attention of the public and to stimulate the interest of home owners.

"Although walls of earth have been known and used successfully since prehistoric times, there is very little data on their strength, weather resistance and heat transfer; therefore we included five earth wall constructions in our program on the determination of the structural properties of lowcost house construction.

"We believe that the strength and other structural properties are adequate for one and two-story houses if the work is done by persons who have had some training. There is reason to believe that anyone with a little instruction can build earth walls successfully.

"The fact that people having little money can build earth walls themselves with materials readily available appeals to me very strongly. Making information on earth constructions available through our reports is, I think, an effective way to help the people of this country to help themselves.

"Our study was planned by a group of experts who were experienced in earth construction. The group included Mr. Thomas Hibben, who has built rammed earth houses under the Farm Security Administration. The earth used was a mixture containing 50 per cent of clay loam and 50 per cent of sand-gravel with moisture content between 10 and 12 per cent. The rammed earth walls were 14 inches thick and carried compressive loads up to 100 pounds per square inch. All of the walls withstood transverse loads (such as are produced by the wind) of 59 pounds per square foot or more. The performance under impact was better than that of many types of masonry walls, and like masonry walls the earth walls resisted concentrated loads extremely well.

"Earth walls have high heat capacity which aids in reducing fluctuations of temperature. In summer the temperature inside an earth house does not rise to as high values as houses having walls of lower heat capacity. Earth walls are, of course, fireproof."

#### Durability Questioned

One of the chief stumbling blocks to the use of rammed earth as a building material has been the attitude of the Federal Housing Administration. When approached on the subject of accepting rammed earth houses as security for long term loans, the requests were refused.

Such a loan was sought by Mr. Henry Hassey, of Irvington, New Jersey, from both the Federal Housing Administration and the Farm Security Administration. He was refused this aid on the grounds that "at the present time no adequate basis has been developed upon which the permanence and durability of rammed earth construction can be sufficiently predicted to justify its (FHA) acceptance as security for long term loans."

To Mr. Hassey it was a paradox that some government departments spent money on rammed earth projects while other departments of that same government refused to earn money through loans on them.

Being a persistent person he learned that several hundred rammed earth houses had been erected in Puerto Rico by the Puerto Rico Reconstruction Administration. He heard of the pisé houses built on the Indian reservations in South Dakota by the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and the work at Gardendale, Alabama, by the Resettlement Administration. It also developed that at least five bulletins and circulars dealing with the construction of rammed

earth walls for homes and farm buildings were obtainable from government bureaus and state experimental stations.

Among the letters received in his search for information on rammed earth houses was one from Ralph L. Patty, Chairman of the Department of Agricultural Engineering, South Dakota State College, who wrote:

"It is not the cheapness of rammed earth walls that we are interested in. We are interested in the fact that they are most valuable, and that it would be practically impossible to equal a wall of this kind, which is almost a perfect insulator; at the same time being fireproof, soundproof, weatherproof and proof against termites or white ants. We know that a rammed earth wall made of satisfactory soil and stuccoed properly is absolutely permanent in its construction. If the stucco is maintained intact, it should last indefinitely."

One of the most enthusiastic boosters for pisé de terre construction is Col. Paul S. Bliss, of the Social Security Board, Kansas City, Missouri. Col. Bliss built a one-story farmhouse and a large garage on his Scoria Lily ranch at Hettinger, North Dakota, and it has become the show place of that section. So many persons have visited his ranch to inspect and obtain information about rammed earth walls, that Col. Bliss has erected a large bulletin board on his premises, to which he has attached photographs of all the building processes together with instructions on the method pursued. He states that it is "the best house I ever lived in."

Other examples of pisé construction near the Nation's Capital are to be found at Monticello, home of Thomas Jefferson. Several of the farm buildings there are of this material, and Jefferson recommended this building method for its low cost and permanency.

In the suburbs of Washington there is a Dutch colonial house built twenty years ago by Dr. H. B. Humphrey, a scientist of the Department of Agriculture. The outer walls are of rammed earth taken from the cellar excavations, and are capable of supporting a weight of more than 2,000 tons. A tile roof weighing 18 tons surmounts the edifice.

At Lanham, Maryland, is an eight-room two-story house of rammed earth built by the owner, Mr. Robert Cook, on week ends. This building was erected by unskilled labor under the direction

of the owner, who is not a builder by trade. He had the courage to prove this method could be successfully accomplished by selfbuilders twelve years ago, when building contractors shunned such innovations.

Pisé de terre construction has not been eagerly seized upon for commercial promotion because there is very little money to be made from it by contractors and the building trades, yet the low cost housing problem might well be solved if it were promoted with that thought in mind.

Such a plan, shaping a new industry, has been developed by H. Serkowich, Lieut. Commander of the Navy (Retired). His Equity Plan is admirably adapted to mass construction of houses of earth, by use of which individual developers can get more value from the citizen's home building dollar. So far, it is the first commercial project launched for mass construction. Units are reserved for the erection of pisé houses under the construction and supervision of expert private building authorities in close co-operation with Federal experts.

Cost of Rammed Earth Houses

The question most frequently asked about rammed earth build-

ings is what will they cost. The answer depends upon the cost of labor in the building area being considered. If the builder is fortunate enough to have men relatives who will lend a hand after the architect has completed his plans, the cost will be reduced to whatever carpenter work is required on the roof and inside the dwelling, together with the plumbing and electric wiring needed to modernize it.

The cost of the house built by Col. Bliss at Scoria Lily ranch was \$1,700, of which the material cost \$700 and the labor \$1,000. Commander C. S. Stevenson, U. S. Navy, who directed the building of two hospitals with rammed earth walls in North China, believes that such walls can be built for from 12½ to 15 cents per cubic foot. The general estimate for the cost of rammed earth structures is placed at 70 per cent for labor and 30 per cent for materials.

Because of our knowledge of soil and mechanics, we have ceased to marvel at our skyscrapers whose stability depends upon the same elements that compose pisé de terre. We travel at breakneck speed over roads that have borne more intensive weathering than pisé walls, yet the factors that protect them both are identical. By using the dirt under our feet we can have walls as enduring as rock; walls that harden with exposure and protect our homes from fire and storm hazards. All this we can have simply by using Mother Earth.

In a previous article Coronet described the building method used to erect rammed earth walls. It consists in packing a mixture of sand, clay, and aggregate, dampened with water, into a hard mass through the use of tamping devices and movable wooden forms. The tools are neither elaborate or expensive. While there is a laborsaving method of ramming with machinery, hand tamping is the usual and less costly process.

For those planning to build a House of Earth the most important thing to know is whether the soil they intend to use is of the proper mixture. Advice on soil analysis can be received by sending a letter containing a selfaddressed, stamped envelope to Mr. Thomas Hibben, Vienna, Virginia, who will either arrange to make the analysis or advise where such an analysis can be obtained. It usually requires two or three samples of earth taken from below the top soil-each should consist of earth taken from a different part of the lot and each sample should weigh approximately one pound. Analysis costs from one to two dollars for each sample.

#### Horatio Alger Reverses His Field

A MAN of pleasing appearance, well educated and intelligent, took a job with an insurance company and was assigned to solicit in one of the poorer sections of a large city. Although he worked hard, he made an utter fizzle of the job. His successor, a man of slovenly dress and a much less gifted talker, took the same territory and has made a marked success of his work.

The insurance agent who em-

ployed these men gives this explanation: "The first man, accustomed to clean surroundings, was too fastidious. He did not feel at home amid careless housekeeping and soiled children. Ill-at-ease himself, he couldn't interest the people he dealt with. But the other fellow could talk insurance while feeding candy to an ill-kempt baby crawling over his lap. He succeeded because he didn't mind dirt."

-FRED C. KELLY

THE NOTED FRENCH JOURNALIST-PROPHET FORETELLS HOW IL DUCE, THE PUPPET, WILL PLAY OUT HIS LAST, SORRY ACT



## Is Mussolini's Number Up?

by Geneviève Tabouis

The last time I saw Mussolini was during the reception extended to Pierre Laval in Rome on January 5, 1935—on the eve of the famous Franco-Italian Rapprochement Treaty—which was to leave such a slight imprint in the history of both countries and which was forgotten soon afterward.

I was strongly impressed with his brilliance and amiability. "So you are Geneviève," he said to me. "I read your articles every day. You're very, very cruel to me." And after a serious conversation which he frequently interrupted with remarks about my gown ("color of the moonlit night at Naples"), he concluded: "Come and see me tomorrow—we'll have a lengthy discussion."

The next day, however, the signature of the treaty dragged on, and Il Duce remained in conference with the Prime Minister until it was time for Mr. Laval and his party—of which I was one—to take the train for Paris.

Even today I remember vividly his piercing and lively eyes, a rapid speech and an impression of constant exuberance. Il Duce's personality is really appealing to a Latin. He is vibrant—interested passionately in most things of life, whether they be outdoor sports, food or children. And it is no secret that the Italian leader has more than a superficial interest in women!

There is no doubt that Benito Mussolini's humane qualities commanded respect, even among his enemies. Lenin said of him: "He is one of the best Socialists I know—because he loves humanity."

And yet his total lack of political

common sense has precipitated him into such a series of adventures that even this rather attractive and human aspect of his personality has become odious and ridiculous to the Latin races.

From 1922 to 1935, Mussolini enjoyed a tremendous popularity and prestige throughout the world. He was the modern Condotière. whose destiny it seemed to have been to awaken his people from its apathy. But from the moment where all of his natural qualities were sacrificed on the altar of a senseless-some say insane-politics, even these traits of his character became grotesque and ridiculous. This man, who was attempting to remold the history of his country, forgot that the history, the politics of any country is strictly and scrupulously dictated by its geographical needs!

When Benito Mussolini decided in 1935 that he must reconstitute the Roman Empire at any price, he was engaging in a senseless and deadly venture: It was folly because the precise Empire which he wanted to "reconstruct" belonged to those countries from whom Italy obtained 70 per cent of her raw materials and of her food—and deadly, because in order to engage in this adventure, Il Duce was forced to sign a pact with

Adolf Hitler which is not much different from that which Faust signed with the Devil.

EVER SINCE 1935, Herriot's definition of the Italian leader has been generally accepted throughout Europe as being the most accurate description of the man. Herriot compares Mussolini to the famous personage of the Italian comedies: Matamor. Matamor is always the foolish braggart, pretending that no obstacle is too great for him, that he will surmount them all, that he can accomplish anything. And invariably in the third act Matamor would reappear-duped by all, defeated and done for.

Today, indeed, one feels as if the last act has begun for Mussolini-and that his disappearance from the international scene will occur within the next eighteen months! Will his end be the romantic drama which he so often described to his entourage during the crucial moments of the Ethiopian war? At that time he frequently stated: "We must win! And if we fail, I shall pilot my private plane above the Holy City and let myself drop at the steps of the Capitol. I shall never survive the destruction of my dream for a Roman Empire."

It is more likely that we shall see a Mussolini who will have accepted the role of Hitler's Gauleiter in his own country—disappear shamefully and mysteriously from the political scene in order to escape the increasing wrath of the Italian people.

Those observers who are privileged to see behind the scenes are particularly impressed by two dominant factors in Il Duce's character: First, they all agree that indecision has been a major characteristic of the leader. The second trait, widely commented upon, is his obvious lack of courage ever since 1936. In fact, it would seem as if he lost all semblance of physical or moral courage on the day he signed his famous Pacte D'Acier (Pact of Steel) with Hitler. On that day he had simply adopted the decision to let the German Führer take the destiny of Italy in his own hands.

AT ANY RATE, when we delve into the background of Benito Mussolini's ascension to power, the indecision which manifests itself in his enterprises today can be traced throughout the years. Had the decision been up to Mussolini the Fascists would never have marched on Rome.

Despite their youth, two of his

followers had become his closest advisers. One was Italo Balbo, a boy just out of high school, the other Dino Grandi, a struggling young lawyer. With the recklessness that characterizes both youth and gamblers, these two men insisted that Mussolini head a march upon Rome.

While today Il Duce claims the historical credit for the Fascist Revolution, it was in fact organized by Grandi and executed by Balbo. Early in 1922, Grandi called on Mussolini and challenged him to start the march on Rome. Il Duce's immediate reaction was to go in hiding. However, at Rome, government circles were not strong enough to stop the avalanche of the marching Fascisti and, to everyone's surprise, King Victor Emmanuel agreed to appoint a semi-Fascist cabinet. Balbo was commissioned to find his friend Benito. After searching Milan from end to end, he found him hiding in the home of a friend near the railway station. Thus Il Duce arrived in Rome by train-after his storm troopers had already won the battle.

It has often been asked why Mussolini later discarded his precious friends, Balbo and Grandi. It was not jealousy which induced him to separate from these associates, but rather the fear that these two vigorous men—who knew his mental shortcoming—would once again utilize this factor to take over the government in his stead.

Recently, however, he was compelled to recall Grandi from London to bolster his own acts. Today, Dino Grandi is his closest collaborator, and it is known that in his political testament, contrary to the belief of many who hold that Count Ciano, his son-in-law, is his chosen successor, Dino Grandi has been selected to succeed him.

IN RECENT YEARS, grumbling over Mussolini's dominant traitindecision-has become louder and louder. Marshall Graziani, for instance, is always complaining of his chief's fatal indecision. One day Il Duce would order a general attack and a few hours later, he would call it off, or even issue contrary orders! When the first advance in the Western Desert began, such contrary and contradictory orders were issued that Graziani was unable to prepare any strategy on a long range basis.

Il Duce lives in terror of insanity. When a young man, he had hereditary syphilis. While he was in Switzerland, the disease was cured with bismuth, but although the cure was successful and the spread of the disease was checked, there were after-effects. One of these is a peculiar sickness which manifests itself in an affliction of the brain. Mussolini spends many sleepless nights in his Villa Torlonia. He is tormented by thoughts verging on madness.

One wonders what happened to effect such a complete transformation in the young and ardent dictator, who in 1924 addressed his people thus: "Give me a free hand and I shall render our Italy great and prosperous," and the man who today expects to read the announcement of his total collapse in the press at any time? What is this insane dream—his Roman Empire-which he has pursued for so many years and which has brought his people and himself to their present precarious condition?

To establish Italian supremacy on the Mediterranean! This was the outline of his plan: If, in agreement with the forces of Spain, Italy were to make sure of bases in the Balearic Islands, in the Canaries and in Pentelaria, she could consolidate her conquests of Libya, Tripoli and Ethiopia. If in addition a European war were to handicap the movements of Great Britain and France, Italy would be able to cut off their communications in the Mediterranean, and crown her imperial dream by uniting within her boundaries Libya, Egypt, Sudan, Abyssinia, Tunisia, the Italian colonies of Somaliland and Eritrea—which comprise an aggregate area of more than one and a half million square miles!

However, on October 3, 1935, Mussolini showed more courage and decision than he has ever displayed before in his life. Daring the entire League of Nations, he undertook the conquest of Ethiopia. This war was ruinous for Italy. But still, after it was over, Il Duce could have made a rapprochement with France and Great Britain in order to maintain his conquest of Ethiopia and save his country.

But Hitler was insistent, and on October 19, 1936, Ciano, returning from Munich, related to Benito the persuasive promises which the German leader was tendering toward the realization of Mussolini's dream. The condition was that Italy support German policies within Central Europe and against the democracies. And Mussolini finally made his decision—the wrong one for him—and resolutely dispatched

his troops into Spain. Three years of war in this country! Italy bore most of the burden—and gained absolutely nothing.

Hitler now was fully conscious of Italy's weakness and, like Balbo and Grandi before him, decided to use Benito as a useful diplomatic lever against the democracies. The preparations for the World War began. By this time Hitler had decided to absorb in his own Reich not only Spain and Italy but also the famous African Empire!

An examination of the relations between the two men proves to what extent Adolf held Mussolini in contempt. Many reports were received by the French government-for example the plan of February 6, 1939, which revealed the Führer's words to his entourage: "Italy, as well as her armies, is worthless. Her economy is dependent upon our own and constitutes an additional burden. It is important not to demand of Mussolini that his troops play any effective role before the last days of the war against France. Otherwise he will want his share of the victory. This is out of the question, since Germany will absorb Italy when the peace treaty is signed."

Fascism is of such a nature that

spectacular successes are imperative for its continuation and for its prestige. It was obvious that Mussolini's personal prestige in Italy was on the decline, and so after much hesitation he attempted a lone campaign in the Balkans, to be able to boast of at least one success! The failure of his plans in this direction is known and has brought about the most serious trouble within Italy.

And even more precarious for Mussolini is the situation in Abyssinia. When Marshal Graziani had defeated Fiturari Berru in Negheli, in 1936, the latter, rather than to surrender, preferred to pass over to Kenya with 80,000 warriors.

These men remained in Isiolo and constituted a yearly expense of 185,000 pounds to Great Britain. In September, 1940, the British studied the possibility of training them for the defense of their own empire. And on June

10th, when Italy declared war against France and England, the British General Staff sent British military men to Isiolo whose express duty it was to train the Ethiopians.

And now they have become unusually brilliant warriors. It is expected that on the occasion of the 45th anniversary of Italy's defeat of Adowa in Ethiopia in 1896, together with British forces and under the command of Fiturari Berru, these troops are planning to invade Ethiopia on the frontier of Kenya near Lake Rudolph this February 28th!

Today, Mussolini the dictator, the man who was chosen as the most dynamic by his followers, the man who swayed so many crowds with his eloquence, has forgotten the imperialist dream to which he sacrificed his own fortune and that of his country. His immediate concern is whether Hitler will tolerate his existence as his main Gauleiter in Italy.

#### Culture Made Easy

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER once delivered a lecture on the subject of refinement to the Arts Students League of New York. "But how may we

best attain refinement?" a sophomoric listener inquired. "A very good way," replied Warner, "is to inherit it."

-PAUL B. DAVIS

A s LONG as there are wars and rumors of wars, so will there be prophets who predict their outcome. But among the blatant tales of turbaned soothsayers there may occasionally be found a story which is out of step with both the soothsayers and the reasonable world—such is the following tale.

In 1908 John Alleyne, conservative retired British army officer, discovered that, while doodling over a letter, he had unconsciously written a strange passage in old English. This automatic writing developed until a complete account was given of the location of the buried ruins of Glastonbury Abbey. Excavations were made as the script directed, and the long-sought ruins were found.

However, certain passages, which appeared to be part of a prophecy, were inserted between the directions for locating the buried portions of the abbey. Some of the prophetic fragments were:

"War—horrid war . . . not long the conflict—then dawn on a red world—when the West falls, Britain shall endure—in the month of May the advance—along the adopted plan—carries the foe down the fair lands that lie to the West of him.

"Poverty, hunger, and war-lust in every land on which lieth the shadow of the cross. They who would be at peace with their neighbors shall not be able . . . war with their neighbors is better than war at home, so a cause must be made for quarrels.



Sometimes an event occurs which is so unreasonable we can't believe it really happened—yet so well verified that we can't prove it did not. There is one sensible way out of the dilemma: to triple-check the

"Slower, slower grows the advance. The pact is near its end in Europe. On Easter day the tide will turn and ebb swiftly and consistently."

Because of the startling verification of the seemingly supernormal information about Glastonbury Abbey, the war prophecy was taken seriously. But, as the italics indicate, it wouldn't fit the First World War.

Perhaps it was the right prophecy, but the wrong war.



THAT BRICKS could fall from nowhere on one particular house seemed to English surgeon Dr. A. D. Taylor, I.M.D., too fantastic for serious consideration. Nevertheless, for an evenning's amusement he gathered a party of friends and went to investigate.

The affair took place in Parsewakam, a suburb of Madras, India. The house on which the bricks were raining was owned by the Fernandez family. It was said they had fallen out with the local astrologer.

# Mysteries

verification and then, if it still holds up, revise our conception of what is "reasonable." But man is too lazy for that. He finds it easier to forget such unreasonable occurrences as we perversely bring up here.

Before the eyes of the astonished Englishmen, bricks continued to fall, not only on the veranda of the house, but also inside. Stranger still—no matter how fast the bricks fell, the number scattered on the floor did not increase. The rooms were searched, the neighborhood was searched—still the bricks fell. Every door and window was locked and bolted—still the bricks fell inside the rooms. Police were posted outside the house—the bricks continued to fall. A priest exorcised the house—the rain of bricks persisted.

Not until the family vacated the house did the brick barrage cease. Phantom bricks—no wonder the tale, carefully authenticated though it was, was doomed to the limbo of the forgotten.



WILLIAM JAMES left behind him America's only truly original philosophy—and some strange tales which even his astute mind could not solve. America has accepted the philosophy, but it has forgotten the tales, such as the case of Lurancy Vennum, which James investigated in 1887.

Lurancy Vennum, who lived with her parents in Watseka, Illinois, was a normal girl until one day during her fourteenth year when she suddenly fell into a profound sleep. From this she awakened as a completely new personality. The new personality said it was that of Mary Roff, who had died in Watseka twelve years before.

The girl immediately took up residence with the Roff family, where she was found to have every memory which the dead girl would be expected to possess. For fifteen weeks she led the life of Mary Roff, claiming steadfastly that she had recrossed the "moment of shadow" and borrowed the body of Lurancy Vennum. And during all those weeks, her every mannerism, memory, and attitude was that of the dead girl.

If the whole thing was some strange, senseless masquerade, then Lurancy Vennum had, at fourteen, investigated Mary Roff's past with a thoroughness that would put the world's best secret service to shame. Not only that, she must have somehow obtained information known only to the girl who died twelve years before.

If it was not a masquerade . . . but William James could not quite bring himself to accept that solution. He was still puzzling over the case when he passed through the door which Mary Roff claimed to have reopened.

-R. DEWITT MILLER

IF THEY USE WOOD TO MAKE PAPER
AND PAPER TO MAKE MONEY, FOR WHAT
DO THEY USE AMBERGRIS AND CATGUT?



## Nature in the Raw

How energetic is your vocabulary? Take copra, for instance. Certainly you've seen the word a dozen times in stories of the South Seas. But do you have any precise idea of what copra is? Have you ever bothered to look it up?

This quiz, dealing with raw materials, is chock full of terms you've often encountered in print. But being troublesome, dull-sounding terms, they're just the sort of words we seldom take the trouble to add to our vocabularies.

- 1. Hops
  - (a) Seltzer
  - (b) Pepper
  - (c) Beer
- 2. IRIDIUM
  - (a) Cameras
  - (b) Fountain pen points
  - (c) Radiators
- 3. RATTAN
  - (a) Firearms

Well, better late than never. Each of the following fifty questions gives the name of a raw material; underneath are listed three products, only one of which utilizes that particular raw material in its manufacture. You figure out which product is the right one, crediting yourself with two points for each correct answer. A score of 70 is fair, 80 is good and 90 or over is excellent. You will find the right answers listed on page 138.

- (b) Ship masts
- (c) Walking sticks
- 4. THERMITE
  - (a) Bombs
  - (b) Pavement
  - (c) Life Preservers
- 5. AMBERGRIS
  - (a) Perfume
  - (b) Jewelry
  - (c) Fuel

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#### 6. Petroleum

- (a) Vegetable shortening
- (b) Oilcloth
- (c) Gasoline

#### 7. BAUXITE

- (a) Aluminum utensils
- (b) Cardboard
- (c) Rayon

#### 8. SUET

- (a) Spices
- (b) Macaroni
- (c) Oleomargarine

#### 9. FELT

- (a) Shoes
- (b) Sails
- (c) Headwear

#### 10. Lime

- (a) Whitewash
- (b) Roofing
- (c) Varnish

## 11. TALC

- (a) Soap
- (b) Toilet powder
- (c) Bristles

#### 12. MICA

- (a) Earthenware
- (b) Cosmetics
- (c) Lantern slides

### 13. GRAPHITE

- (a) Protractors
- (b) Sculpture
- (c) Pencils

## 14. Poppies

- (a) Opium
- (b) Aspirin
- (c) Sarsaparilla
- 15. SULPHUR

- (a) Cologne
- (b) Castor oil
- (c) Gunpowder

#### 16. Tungsten

- (a) Coins
- (b) Electric light bulbs
- (c) Calcimine

#### 17. Карок

- (a) Bread
- (b) Pillows
- (c) Crayon

#### 18. FLAX

- (a) Linen
- (b) Barathea
- (c) Repp fabrics

#### 19. Gypsum

- (a) Cleaning fluid
  - (b) Wall paper
  - (c) Plaster of Paris

#### 20. GUTTA PERCHA

- (a) Insulation
- (b) Glue
- (c) Food

## 21. CHICLE

- (a) Ink
- (b) Chewing gum
- (c) Mucilage

## 22. JIPIJAPA LEAVES

- (a) Sassafras tea
- (b) Bovril
- (c) Panama hats

## 23. COBALT

- (a) Paint
  - (b) Mortar
    - (c) Modeling clay

## 24. Јите

(a) Tinfoil

- (b) Twine-
- (c) Blankets
- 25. RESIN
  - (a) Erasers
  - (b) Gelatin
  - (c) Shellac
- 26. RAFFIA
  - (a) Baskets
  - (b) Whipcord
  - (c) Hair brushes
- 27. LINSEED
  - (a) Cotton
  - (b) Varnish
  - (c) Mineral oil
- 28. INDIGO
  - (a) Leather tanning
  - (b) Fodder
  - (c) Dye
- 29. LIGNITE
  - (a) Fuel
  - (b) Microphones
  - (c) Wire
- 30. MEERSCHAUM
  - (a) Radios
  - (b) Phonograph needles
  - (c) Pipes
- 31. CAMPHOR
  - (a) Celluloid
  - (b) Phonograph Records
  - (c) Ensilage
- 32. VITRIOL
  - (a) Explosives
  - (b) Preservatives
  - (c) Ointment
- 33. COPRA
  - (a) Incense
  - (b) Coconut oil

- (c) Disinfectant
- 34. CINCHONA
  - (a) Insecticide
  - (b) Adhesive tape
  - (c) Quinine
- 35. Dextrose
  - (a) Brake linings
  - (b) Candy
  - (c) Printing type
- 36. KAOLIN
  - (a) Porcelain
    - (b) Cheese
  - (c) Inner tubes
- 37. CORN
  - (a) Scotch tape
  - (b) Court plaster
  - (c) Bourbon whisky
- 38. CATGUT
  - (a) Packaging
  - (b) Violin strings
  - (c) Cellophane
- 39. COAL
  - (a) Feldspar
  - (b) Turquoise
  - (c) Coke
- 40. Mother-of-Pearl
  - (a) Buttons
  - (b) Flash bulbs
  - (c) Weather-stripping
- 41. Fir Trees
  - (a) Ammonia
  - (b) Turpentine
  - (c) Arsenic
- 42. GRAPES
  - (a) Tapioca
  - (b) Muscatel
  - (c) Citrate of magnesia

#### 43. Hoofs

- (a) Furniture polish
- (b) Paper
- (c) Glue

#### 44. MOLASSES

- (a) Cigarettes
- (b) Gin
- (c) Analgesic

#### 45. SISAL

- (a) Sedative
- (b) Rope
- (c) Deodorant

#### 46. CHROME

- (a) Movie screens
- (b) Metal plating
- (c) Lathing

#### 47. Ротазн

- (a) Paving
- (b) Face powder
- (c) Fertilizer

#### 48. WORMWOOD

- (a) Absinthe
- (b) Lipstick
- (c) Parasols

#### 49. DIAMONDS

- (a) Magnets
- (b) Drill points
- (c) Magnifying glass

#### 50. PUMICE

- (a) Bricks
- (b) Enamel
- (c) Abrasives

## When Advertising Was in Flower

THE first years of the nineteenth century saw the beginning of the "artistic" era in advertising, when every great tradesman kept a poet to write his advertising copy.

It was one, George Robins, who excelled at this fashion of ad-writing. He stretched poetic license to the uttermost. One advertisement for a piece of real estate stated that the land had, among other charms, a "hanging wood," which the astonished purchaser discovered later meant an old gallows.

On another occasion he had

made the beauties of an estate so enchanting, he found it necessary to blur it by pointing out a fault or two, lest it prove too dazzling for human credulity.

"But there are two drawbacks to the property," sighed this commercial bard, "the litter of rose-leaves, and the noise of the nightingales."

To no further heights could description go, and when George Robins died, much of the poetry of advertising departed with him.

-BETTE HUGHES

## **Echoes and Encores:**

D'ALESSIO FROM PUBLISHERS SYND.



"Don't go away yet, Mr. Huber!"

ROLAND COE FROM COMBOLIDATED NEWS FRATURES



"It's an outfit we thought up to match yours. We call it the 'Father and Son'"



"What we're looking for is a one-room apartment with four large closets"

FUNNY BUSINESS FROM NEA SERVICE, INC.



"Hey, Joe, wotta ya say we quit an' call it a clothes dryer?"

CORONET

## **A Cartoon Digest**

LICHTY FROM CHICAGO TIMES SYND.



"I asked Major Bascomb and his regiment to have pot luck with us—do you mind?"

PRED NERER FROM CONSOLIDATED NEWS FRATURES



"He just keeps sayin' what we don't know, won't hurt us!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS FROM COLLIER'S



"She never lets him out nights—but he's always ready in case she changes her mind"

DENYS WORTMAN FROM UNITED FEATURE SYND.



MOPEY DICK AND THE DUKE

"Remember, Duke, we gotta be careful we don't work up too much of an appetite"

THERE'S STILL "BIG MONEY" IN WRITING FOR THE MOVIES, BUT TODAY THE STUDIOS DON'T EVEN READ SCRIPTS FROM AMATEURS



## **Home-Grown Scenarios**

by MARTIN LEWIS

There is a new form of story being written by some of our most competent tellers of tales, but not for publication. Until quite recently it was a free-for-all form, no holds barred, with plenty of punching in the clinches. The amateurs were in there all over the place, grappling.

Since the professional writers have given the Hollywood "original" more and more play, however, the rules of grammar have gone into effect, not to mention more formal restrictions, such as characterization, construction, climax and resolution. For all these, too, are gradually coming into demand. And some story editors are even talking about style.

The Hollywood original of the free-for-all days was anything from a title up. Often it was an idea that wasn't even on paper. Some of the biggest money-making writers were actually more talented as salesmen. The established technique for a writer was to corner a producer, somehow, and proceed to tell him a story, with gestures and expressions. Or hypnotism.

Just now, a good movie original is a directly-told story of from 15,000 to 35,000 words, with clearly-defined characters, liberal samples of dialogue, fully-developed action. Its form is not so much the conventional idea of the scenario, as the form of the magazine novelette. Quite often it is written in the present tense. Actually, it might be said to be the telling of a movie, in detail. Only it is told by someone who has just invented it, rather than just seen it.

It is rather odd to contemplate a substantial section of America's writing talent pounding out almost book-length stories, putting all their skill and art into these scripts which at best may be read by a dozen people. The top-notch names, like Louis Bromfield, of course, realize the magazine-market value of their ideas before turning them into movie scripts. But an astonishingly large proportion of Hollywood writers do not trouble to try to hit the double market, and shoot only for the local target. Among them are people like Bud Schulberg, Ring Lardner, Jr., James Grant, who also write for magazines. This group recognizes that, however close the movie original may be to the magazine novelette, there are developments which are distinctly motion-picture, in stories, and that a tale, to have full chance of success as an "original," cannot always be twisted to approach the magazine form as well.

Why work so hard, for so small an audience? For though the audience that sees the final motion picture is the largest in the world, the true writer will never have from it the intimate satisfaction of a reaction to his own words, his own way of writing. That, he gets only from the profession in Hollywood: agents, story-editors, producers. He goes to all the trouble not only because of pride in

craftsmanship — and this is no mean factor. He writes as best he can, too, because the slightest stylistic advantage counts toward getting him his share of the second-largest percentage of writing pay in the country.

Over half of all story-material purchased in Hollywood is purchased in the form of originals. The rest comes from books, plays, magazine stories. The average price for an original is around \$10,000. The scale varies from \$1,500 to \$20,000.

The fantastic story-property sums heard of in the papers are not paid for originals, but for best-seller items which have a strong advertising value and which are usually made into top-budget productions. It is not uncommon for a hit play to rate over \$100,000 for movie rights; a best-selling book went for around \$25,000, and most of them still do, though Gone with the Wind and For Whom the Bell Tolls have raised the ante.

STORY EDITORS for the various studios deal directly with writers, to some extent, but get most of their originals from the established agencies. Material that is simply submitted by mail, as stories are submitted to magazines, is not read. Such material is carefully

returned unopened, as a result of the numerous plagiarism suits to which the studios were subjected in the past, by amateurs who saw chance resemblance between a character or an incident in a film, and a story which they had, years ago, sent to a studio.

The studios would, of course, not have shut off this possible source of story material, had it been a fruitful one, but experience showed that good material very rarely came out of the blue. People who think they can write motion picture stories must take the task seriously enough, now, and must have ability enough, to go through the professional agency routine.

And even the agents, as a rule,

will not examine material sent in out of the blue. They, too, fear screwball plagiarism suits. The would-be Hollywood writer, if he cannot come to Hollywood, must be enough of an author to have New York agency connections, or publication connections, or acquaintanceship with writers who have such connections and will give him cover-letters to established agents. This, of course, is no great obstacle. But it keeps out the vast bulk of hunch-written stuff. Certainly, in that mass of stuff, a gem might be lost. But the industry is willing to take the chance that someone with intelligence enough to write something really original and good, will find proper channels for presenting it.

## **Painfully Frank**

BENEDICT ARNOLD, during the course of his depredations in Virginia, took as prisoner an American captain. During conversation with the officer, Arnold asked, "What do you think the Americans would do to me if I fell into their hands?"

The captain refused at first to answer, but when Arnold insisted, he said, "Well, since it is necessary, that I reply to your question, I hope that you will pardon extreme frankness. If my compatriots were fortunate enough to catch you I believe that firstly they would amputate that leg which was wounded in the cause of liberty at Quebec—and bury it with all possible honors of war; they would then suspend the rest of you from a gallows!"

-BLANCHE S. KAHN

## World-Criers around the Dial

A Portfolio of Personalities by Louis L. Pryor

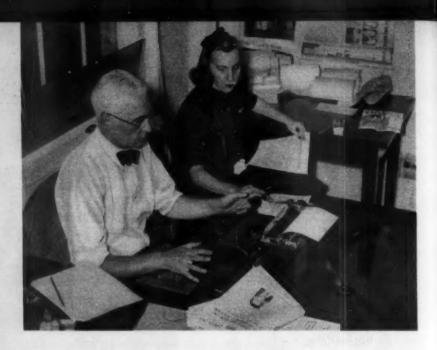
"Go AHEAD, Berlin!" Casual, almost commonplace, is the terse instruction so familiar today to American radio listeners. You've heard the words, time and time again, as one of the big networks swings into its roll call of European capitals. Or perhaps a news-analyst in this country is diagnosing and interpreting events.

Among these narrators of the air are such dauntless souls as NBC's H. V. Kaltenborn, the first man to put a battle into a microphone (the attack upon Irun, Spain); Max Jordan who started scoring beats for NBC at Munich, Eric Sevareid, Fred Bate, William Kerker, Boake Carter—these are just a few of many who have made radio history.

At times, literally bursting with big news but with their mouths gagged, they have had to employ wits sharp as a scalpel in order to whittle a message through a censor-watched knothole.

"There'll be no more Brussels sprouts," innocently reported European CBS man Edward Murrow when Belgium was falling. And his headquarters in New York, quickly grasping the significant reference to the Belgian capital—muffed by the censor—announced Belgium's collapse hours before the news trickled over the press wires.

There are many reporters of the air whose voices are familiar. Sketches on seven of these are provided in the pages that follow.



Elmer Davis

"I haven't yet lost the fear that some day I will go insane at the mike and begin spouting blasphemy and (worse) libel," CBS news analyst Elmer Davis has admitted. But his associates have him pegged as "a master of understatement" and one independent critic has frankly urged in a recent book: "If you want condensed news on the radio, tune in to Elmer Davis . . . third most popular radio commentator in the field."

Salty are his words, in keeping with the pepper-and-salt tweeds and black bow tie he habitually wears. And, although always calm when big news is breaking, he tumbles in and out of his broadcasts without even saying "hello" or "goodbye."

Davis, whose accent proclaims him

a Hoosier, attended Franklin College in Indiana and won a Rhodes Scholarship to Queen's College, Oxford, in 1912. Later he worked his way to newspaper stardom on the New York Times, became a best-seller author, and—always information-bent—turned his vacations into exploratory yearly trips to Europe.

CBS hired Davis to pinch-hit for Kaltenborn in 1939 and has kept him at a news microphone ever since. Keen, alert, energetic, he tackles his broadcast job in shirt sleeves, checking cable news, listening in on short wave rumblings, often using the trans-Atlantic telephone.

Among Davis' recreations, at 50, are an occasional hand at bridge, reading Horace in the original Latin and boning up on Roman history.

#### **Edward R. Murrow**

Thoughtful, thin and thirty-seven, Murrow is the Churchill of Columbia's ether empire overseas. First of the CBS staff to man a microphone in Europe, Murrow in 1937 literally stepped from the ship on which he sailed onto the gangplank of war.

In the history-making months that followed, young Murrow turned himself into a mobile one-man-show and managed somehow to be on the spot and articulate wherever big news came a-popping. This often became difficult. In March, 1938, for example, he took a ringside seat at the Anschluss only by chartering, as a lone passenger, a 23-passenger plane. But he got to Vienna in time to describe the arrival of Hitler's goose-stepping troopers. Commenting on his coverage in days of crisis, Murrow said: "I averaged two hours sleep per day. I didn't dare risk any more."

Meanwhile, however, CBS has sent other broadcasters to Europe, placing under Murrow's directorship such able aids as Eric Sevareid, William L. Shirer, Cecil Brown and others. General Murrow now works only 16 hours a day—arranging broadcast schedules, developing new techniques of reporting news and local color, and doing as many as three daily broadcasts of his own. "Mark it down," he editorialized in one of these stints, "we are living through a revolution . . . witnessing the death of an age."



## Raymond Gram Swing

Mutual's serious, conscientious commentator Raymond Gram Swing has climbed to international fame in two great wars—scooping one with his legs as a newspaperman; brooding over the other with his voice as a radio commentator.

New York-state-born, Swing took his first breath of German air at the age of two when his parents took him to Berlin. He has taken many a whiff of it since—in times of peace and war—living, sometimes almost dying, in Europe. Now he's cashing in on what he knows.

Swing started his long newspaper career at 19. At 26 he was given his

first foreign post in Berlin by the Chicago Daily News for whom he scored notable beats, including his story about Germany's Big Bertha.

Now, Swing works 12 hours getting ready to talk 12 minutes—sweating and toiling over his radio broadcast much as Pegler is said to labor over his newspaper column. But his drudgery pays him well. When the present war started, Swing—out of a job in 1934—sprinted almost overnight from a salary of \$100 a week to a weekly take which now approaches \$2,000.

In addition to his newscasting in the United States, Swing does a monthly roundup for the British people, a broadcast which is avidly gobbled up by millions of Britishers.





## William L. Shirer

Way back in 1925, Chicago-born Berlin ace for CBS rucfully regarded the drying ink on his Coe College diploma, surveyed the jobless prospect about him and then, borrowing \$200, boarded a cattle-boat Europe-bound. America hasn't seen him since but has read his dispatches and heard his voice with increasing interest.

Shirer's was the voice that came bounding out of the Conapiegne Forest last June, announcing the signing of "an armistice between Germany and France." Larlier that month the same voice had come from Coloune after Shirer, still flushed with the hot lireath of death from a bursting bount on the

Elanders from, had driven all night to reach a point where he could press his mouth into a microphone. There he poured out an evewitness account of the Scheldt offensive which he had observed from a point a mile in advance of the German hatteries.

Liest a newspaperman, then a radio correspondent. Shirer has covered Paris, London, Rome, Vienna, Brussels, Amsterdam, Geneva, Madrid, the Baikans and Berlin. For three weeks in the theat of the Czech critical be lived in one says of clothes.

Just a little more than a decade ago, Shirer spent considerable time in India, traveling about with Ma-harms Gaudhi, whom he considers to be "the oreatest man of our times."

## Wythe Williams

Mutual's 60-year-old wonder worker at forecasting world wobblings, who has worked for more newspapers than he has toes, says he doesn't use mirrors to get the answers just "adds and subtracts."

Landing in Europe more than a quarter of a century ago, Williams counted nine reigning kings following the body of England's Ecos and VII to the grave. He muck it out in Europe for 26 years and counted five kings behind the cust carries that carried terrage V to his last resulting place in 1956. Then, employing his current broadcasting-forecasting formula of midding and midurances," he put the

answer in a books Dask of Empire,

It admits having laid a tew sipe lines along the Danube during the last of his 20 years abroad, confesses that much of what he adds and subtracts today, while scoring his scoops, courses through those same underground pipes in Europe to his WOR microphone in New York But as for the name stature of the pipes—well, a good reporter never divulges the identity of his informants.

Fernassivania-born, Williams got his bap usin of the reporting the World War for the New York Time Among his metable beats was in exclusive story on the supplanting of foftee as French commander. He is suther of the news column, As the Clock Strikes.



### **Hilmar Baukhage**

An NBC commentator, whose interest in things dramatic dates back to his stage-trouping college days, has been at the drama-pouring end of the world's news funnel throughout many of his 52 years of life. When radio came into its own, and Congress allowed direct coverage of its active sessions, it was Baukhage who staged for NBC listeners the first broadcast from the House of Representatives.

World War veteran, actor, newsman, U. S. Intelligence operator, Baukhage has seen service in many fields. But his most eloquent roleencompassing most of the past decade—has been as news correspondent covering affairs in Washington. This he interrupted when the current war started to sizzle, and took a 17-month trek over the exploding powder keg abroad. Early in 1940 he returned to his post as NBC Washington commentator on the National Farm and Home broadcast.

Baukhage, a first rate linguist, speaks French and German fluently. He holds degrees from both American and European universities. He is descended from a Prussian judge who became a Union officer in the Civil War, later pioneered in the Northwest.



#### **Paul Archinard**

Owner of NBC's war-harassed but insistent voice from France, he has felt the force of the Hitlerian hurricane as have few radio correspondents in Europe. Stationed in Paris last June when the Nazis were closing in, Archinard was pounding words on his typewriter preparatory to pouring them over the air when bedlam blew in. Sirens shrieked, bombs crashed—

one of them exploding 30 feet away from NBC headquarters. Archinard took time out to eyewitness buildings about him dissolving into rubble, and then typing under a shower of plaster, rounded out his shortwave broadcast.

Later, as the French government moved back, Archinard and his staff—almost constantly at the mercy of bombs—trooped along. Each move found them hard pressed to set up facilities of communication. Repeatedly, to escape machine-gunning, they hid in wheat fields or in ditches.



The get-rich-quick dream is bound to remain a dream for ninety-nine out of a hundred. And yet there is another side to the picture. An almost equally high percentage of persons can at least get prosperous slowly if they are willing to expend the ingenuity and effort. Here are some examples of how it's done.

## There's Money in It

"HERE ARE three hundred of your store's circulars that never reached a single customer," said Larry Dunlap, pushing a pile of rumpled advertising sheets toward the druggist. "I found some in the gutter, some behind fences and hedges and the rest scattered along the streets. There are more where these came from, and none of them did you one cent of good. If you'll let my company deliver them, every circular will reach a home. We guarantee it." The druggist agreed to give Larry a chance to prove his words. Larry's "company" consisted of two other boys. He divided the territory into three parts. Each of his aides was required to report the number of homes called on-and the number of dodgers delivered. The boys' conscientious service now is patronized by other merchants. And Larry & Company are piling up credits at the bank toward college entrance.



Fred Williston is a bus driver in Massachusetts. He pilots his bus through several small towns to the local shopping-center city — forty miles from the start of his route. But Fred has a sideline that nets him a neat addition to his regular salary. He is personal shopper for everyone in that countryside. He buys medical supplies for the three local doctors. He shops for textbooks for school children. He purchases magazines and materials for housewives. He has be-

come a trustworthy gift-buyer. Williston's charge for his services is simply the bus fare of twenty-five cents. That's what it would cost his customer just to go to the city. The fare back would be another quarter — so his fee represents both a saving and a convenience to stay-at-homes. Everybody comes out money ahead, with the slight exception of the bus company.

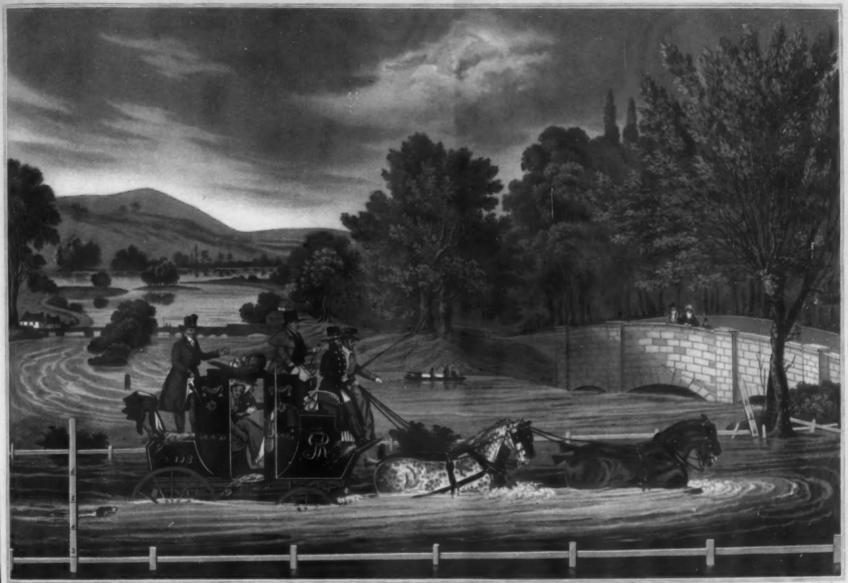


CARS WHIZZED by Willard Wilson's filling station on the highway near Holdredge, Nebraska, Few stopped. Wilson spent most of his time on a rickety chair tipped against the wall. A number of autos, he noticed, passed regularly each day. He began jotting down license numbers and such facts about the vehicles as he could discern. At the license registration bureau he learned the names of car owners on his list. Wilson wrote an informal letter to each, offering service for his particular make of motor, and inviting a neighborly call. Wherever possible, he made an individual appeal: the man who drove a car with a cracked window was quoted a price for quick installation of a new glass; for the fellow who had lost a hub cap Wilson offered to find an inexpensive used one; to those who were getting along with worn tires he gave prices of good re-treaded replacements. Wilson's injection of personal interest proved to be a shot of adrenalin for his business. The hours he spent in a comfortable chair, watching the cars go by, were the most productive in the day.



BECAUSE HE had known what it is to be lonely in a big city, Carl H. Caro inaugurated his Studio Parties. Their purpose is to provide a social life for the shy and friendless. To his home in Greenwich Village come guests for an evening of music (Caro is a pianist-composer), dancing, games -and refreshment that contains no hint of alcohol. Subscriptions for most affairs are \$1 a person; Saturday evenings the rate is \$1.25. Guests of all ages are drawn by advertisements in local papers and through recommendations of friends. Within the past year and a half Caro has entertained some 5,000 persons. His home has come to be a recognized social center, appealing not merely to the lonely, who have no place else to go, but to those who feel they can have a better time at Caro's than at most of the conventional entertainment centers. Result: twenty-six marriages, four suicides averted, seven jobs found. Host Caro met his bride at one of his parties.

Readers are invited to contribute to "There's Money In It." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.



Rended by James Polland

London, Published, Spr. 31 1937, by John Billion, 1, Herz Street, Bond Street

Engraved by F Brookery



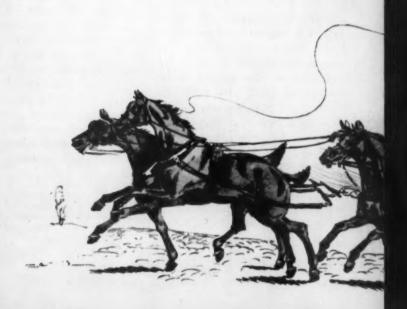
IN A FLOOD.

Engraved by F Bushing











No more the coaches shall I see Come trundling from the yard, Nor hear the horn blown cheerily By brandy-bibbing guard. —WILLIAM MAGINN

And that was the end of another day for England—a day of easy merriment, of blustery hustle and clatter, the picture-book era of the Coach. By 1840, the grimy smokecaked locomotive had at last outdistanced and outpulled fleet horses with their graceful burden on wheels. And so ended a chapter in the history of the English people.

Nor is that a mere convenience of phrase. The Coach was not a pleasure vehicle. It was the principal means of transportation and communication of its time. And nothing could be more integral with a period than the business of moving persons, objects and ideas from one place to another. The Coach has left a trail both deep and wide.

Changes now take place seemingly of their own accord. It is all the more interesting therefore to glance at our various records of days when the world was taken for granted and men knew where they were going. The print reproduced overleaf is one of the finest examples to be found in the prolific pictorial record of the era of the Coach. It is not a very large print, but it seems to take in enough area to serve as a reminder of what England has been fighting for these past several centuries. And it appears, too, that despite the obstacles the Coach will get to the other end of the road.



Coaching Study by Henry Alken (1784-1851)

HITLER'S OPINION OF THIS COUNTRY
IS NOT A SNAP JUDGMENT; HERE IS AN
INSIGHT INTO HOW IT GOT THAT WAY



## Hitler Discovers America

by RENÉ KRAUS

If there is an element of genius in Adolf Hitler's make-up, it is the genius of the jungle beast. The animal scents which enemy is strong, and which one is merely fat and ready for the kill.

Hitler's insight tells him that the millions of moujiks are unable to bear arms against him, that Stalin will have to wait until his hour strikes in turn. He knew that France, with her "best army in the world," had been tottering for years at the brink of the abyss. He understood that England was invincible. He very clearly said so in Mein Kampf, and his so far proved inability to invade her justifies his older and better judgment. He surrendered that judgment most reluctantly, I am sure, under the fierce pressure of his need for rapid victory.

But America—America is a

puzzle to him. One hundred and thirty million good neighbors with an ample gasoline and steel output, who don't strive for worlddomination, are inexplicable. There must be something wrong with them, and he must find it out.

America is a giant, but to

# WHY HITLER DESPISES THE GERMAN-AMERICANS

In the article that begins on this page, René Kraus, author of the best-selling biography of Winston Churchill and acknowledged authority on world events, discusses how Hitler formed his present attitude toward the United States. Next month, in the April issue of Coronet, Mr. Kraus penetrates even deeper into the private preserves of high Nazi opinion, with which he is known to be exceptionally well acquainted. In his article next month, Hitler Despises the German-Americans, Mr. Kraus backs up that title with considered facts that, on the face of the evidence, are beyond dispute.

Hitler's mind a presumably sick one. This country, so he conceives, is strongly influenced by its upper classes—the business world—but dominated by the "whims of the childish masses," to use Hitler's most merciful expression for democracy. Well, he knows how to play ball with big business, and the masses anywhere are clay in the potter's hands.

YETTHERE is more to it than that. Other questions about the United States still prey on Hitler's mind. At one time he stubbornly refused to make even the merest acknowledgment of America as a world power. But this attitude soon changed and, moved by a restless, hysterical curiosity, he long ago set out upon the discovery of America.

Dr. Hauer, the old sage of the Berlin University, was the first to learn about this voyage of exploration on which Hitler had embarked. The professor went to America to do some research in his particular domain, the life of the cave man. Landing at Hamburg on his return, the bewildered old gentleman was met by a black-shirt officer. "The Führer wants to see you, Herr Professor. Immediately!" They put him into an airplane. At the Berlin air-

drome, Tempelhof, a car was waiting for him. Twenty minutes later the Führer showered the old professor with a torrent of questions: "You are just back from America, I understand? Tell me everything about that country! What do they say about me? What do they call me?"

"The Führer and Chancellor of the Reich," the professor said. But he blushed to his long white beard. He belonged to the generation of "unconvertible oldsters," to whom lying came hard. In actual fact the Americans had shocked him by calling the Führer and Chancellor of the Reich rather different names.

"Is Roosevelt popular?" was Hitler's question number two. Himself and Roosevelt—it was later to become an obsession. Both started at about the same time and the Führer felt personally challenged. Roosevelt's shadow loomed dark over his own glory.

The senile professor, it seems, mistook Mr. Roosevelt for Teddy, the great man of the Professor's own generation. He mumbled something about the rough rider and the big stick.

But Hitler did not lose patience. His is a truly inquisitive spirit. During the years following —just ask Congressman Martin Dies—he sent some thousand informers across the blue seas. When he received Dr. Hauer, however, that system was not yet at work. At that time just a few predecessors of our Bundists were fooling around Yorkville and Hoboken: fantastic, adventurous criminals like the notorious Gissibl, who had schemed a plan for German seamen to disembark overnight, attack and kill a few Jews on lonesome streets, and be safe aboard under the proudly waving swastika next morning.

This was not yet the higher art of espionage that Hitler's emmissaries have since developed. Pathetic Professor Hauer still had to serve as an innocent stool-pigeon.

How did the Negroes feel in America? Were they oppressed? Were they suitable raw material for an Aryan revolution? And the Italians? Was it true that the best spaghetti came from Philadelphia? Could stressing this fact cause rivalry between the two nations? There was a strong group of patriotic isolationists, the Führer understood. Had Dr. Hauer run across any of them? How were living conditions in the slums?

"The Americans," Dr. Hauer summed up his impressions thoughtfully to give a collective answer to questions none of which

he had really understood, "are as yet a rather uninstructed people."

Hitler laughed. No good questioning that old fool. Benevolently he slapped the professor's back to indicate the end of the audience. "Quite right. They are uninstructed. But I will teach them their lesson!"

That was the way the professor recounted his audience with Hitler to his cronies in the Lindenkeller, where colleagues and pupils used to gather around him for endless Socratic conversations. Now Dr. Hauer has been dead for over two years. So there is no harm in revealing his little adventure in secret service.

EVERYTHING is Hitler's business once his attention becomes fixed on a particular nation. Suddenly everything American was news to him. Although he never reads foreign papers, from then onearly in 1936-excerpts from American dailies and magazines had to be translated for him. Carefully, he examined them. He paid distinct attention to the voices that came across the sea. Of course he did not like them. But he understood that a power was speaking which one could not ignore.

Stout, bragging Göring uttered

the immortal Nazi prediction, "Die Amerikaner! Their turn will also come!" Even Göring understood, somewhere under his laver of fat, that America was not entirely to be forgotten in the great conspiracy. He showed himself keen on entertaining American businessmen who happened to come to Berlin. He even manufactured such chance visits. He assured the guests, speaking on the Führer's authority, that no trouble should ever arise between the two great white nations. Had they not an enemy in common? That power of yesteryear, England?

It took Hitler many years to recognize England as his archenemy. Long after Mein Kampf had been written, he still showed signs of clumsy respect for the Empire. Today he hates Britain so viciously because he had admired her in vain. It is the same obsession he nourishes for Vienna, for the city he must permanently chastise, even after her fall, because she did not respond to his youthful wooing.

He hates France, the land of white niggers. He still rages when talking about Russia. He utterly despises Italy. The other nations, the smaller ones, are to him just contemptible relics of the past. America at first he did not hate. This colossus was simply a stumbling block to his world-wide expansion, one that must be removed. Once that happened, there were no tears to be shed over it.

Probably it was Dr. Dieckhoff who formed the Führer's ultimate vision of America, Dr. Dieckhoff is the nominal German Ambassador to Washington, long ago called home to Berlin. Now he acts as Hitler's personal adviser on things American. He is an old American hand. During the first World War he was an inconspicuous attaché at the German Embassy in this country. Nobody knew that he was the man who organized the elaborate system of German espionage and sabotage. Count Bernstorff, his boss, and the glamorous military attaché, Von Papen, were his front-men.

After the war, Dr. Dieckhoff settled down in the Wilhelm-strasse. He soon advanced to a highly influential position as the head of the Anglo-American department. Stresemann believed him to be a little elfish, but he would not dispense with Dr. Dieckhoff's excellent brains. These brains, incidentally, are hidden in an enormous round head with a stout pig face. Dr. Dieckhoff, as his many acquaintances in Wash-

ington are aware, does not look attractive. But his is a smiling, quiet power over men.

The second war began in March, 1938, with the rape of Austria. From that moment on there was no more peace in the world. Of course the attitude America would presumably take in the great alignment was one of the foremost questions. Dieckhoff advocated appearement with this country. He warned of the unlimited powers of the sleeping giant. On the other hand, he seemed pretty sure that even a thundering crash of the British Empire would not awake the sleepers, provided their dreams of isolation were not disturbed. "Their papers raise a hell of a racket," he used to say. "But what the people really want is to be kept out-nothing else."

This argument convinced Hitler. True, it was difficult to be friendly to a country without a soul. But was he not even planning a bargain with Stalin? Mr. Rosenfeld could not be much worse than Stalin. Besides, this gentleman is neither infallible nor immortal; Hitler believes Naziism is both.

It was a bitter smile—but Hitler smiled it across the ocean. Suddenly his doors were flung wide to American reporters. He received half a dozen of them in rapid succession. Some German schools taught the "American language" instead of English. A similarity of aims was stressed. Germany had simply adopted the Monroe Doctrine for her own continent (Africa, and some alluring parts of Asia, included).

But now the times have changed. From curiosity through fear to hatred has been the transition in Hitler's attitude toward the United States. Today, he has deliberately and implacably set his hand against this country and is working for its downfall in the ways he knows best.

Ask Martin Dies. Study his files and you will find there is almost no crime Hitler's agents in this country have not committed. A man whose yacht was stuffed with Nazi propaganda literature, Edward de Roulbac Blount, an American citizen and incidentally a census bureau employee, was arrested after admitting he intended to kill President Roosevelt.

To be sure, this man is an exceptional case. But Congressman Dies speaks of 300,000 "average cases" of German spies and fifth columnists. Five thousand saboteurs are working in Detroit industries alone, he states. And

Secretary of War Stimson predicts a further rise of sabotage.

Acts of sabotage have been unearthed in dozens of plants and shipyards. Simultaneously five such acts have been reported from the Todd Shipyard in Seattle. J. Edgar Hoover disclosed acts of sabotage that included the placing of emery dust in plane engines and destructive metal in the motive power of naval vessels. Incendiary bombs have been designed, no larger than a cigar, which will create disaster. Plans to use chemicals with the object of wholesale destruction have been uncovered.

BUTSABOTAGE, with all its bloody cruelty, is only a minor weapon of attack in Hitler's undeclared war against America. If you want to know how the higher-ups work, inquire of Captain Fritz Wiedemann. He is Hitler's No. 1 confidant on American affairs.

Officially, the Captain serves as German Consul General in San Francisco. Actually, he is the link between German and American haters of Britain. The incredible activities of Captain Wiedemann are merely another proof of America's—shall we say?—hospitality to its uninvited guests. Just ask Herr Wiedemann how the German Consular Service in

this country operates. Ask him about Dr. Herbert Hoehne, who was charged with "feloniously acting as a courier between the consulates and legations abroad"; about Dr. Friedhelm Draeger, German vice consul in New York City, reported to be the head of a Nazi sabotage, propaganda and espionage group; about Baron Spiegel, who tried to intimidate the editor of a Texas German language newspaper.

If a man can believe that black is not white, that two and two do not make five, he can believe that Hitler and his henchmen do not love the United States. Two facts stand out in all clarity: first, that Hitler has at last discovered America and in so doing has discovered a mortal enemy; second, the conquest, or at least dismemberment, of America has become the crowning aim of Nazi World Domination.

Certainly, Hitler would prefer to devour the world piecemeal: first the British Empire and then the Western Hemisphere. That may or may not be possible. Should the time-table fail to work and should he, consequently, be forced to strike this country immediately with his full power, be sure that he will do so bent upon utter destruction. THEY CONSTITUTE THE GREATEST SECRET SOCIETY
IN THE WORLD, BUT ACTUALLY THERE IS NOTHING
SECRET ABOUT THE PRINCIPLES OF FREEMASONRY



## **Three Million Masons**

by Louis Steele

I LOVE a parade. But I like to know who is parading and what they are parading about.

I am told that more than three million Americans are "Masons." I know that they don't all parade, but the non-Mason public identifies them all with Shriner parades, insignia, degrees and secrecy. I, who am not a Mason, am curious.

I know that Benjamin Franklin was a Mason. That of our Presidents, sixteen were Masons, including Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and both the Roosevelts; that thirty-one signers of the Declaration of Independence, twenty-three of the signers of the Constitution, and thirty-three Justices of the United States Supreme Court were Masons. I realize that men who have been "brother Masons" have had considerable influence on the growth of America.

It is, therefore, with greater curiosity than ever that I ask: What men are these Masons? Do they stand for good or evil?

FREEMASONRY—that is, the Masonic institution—is perhaps the oldest fraternal order in existence. Its roots go back so far that they may be said to be virtually unknowable. Its rites derive from a myriad of sources, from primitive initiation ceremonies and perhaps, even, from various pagan cults. Because of that, enthusiastic historians of Masonry have developed extravagant claims for its antiquity. Some have gone so far as to say that the Pyramids were built by Freemasons; that King Solomon was a Mason; that Freemasonry was practiced before Noah's Flood; that seafarers from Egypt or Atlantis brought Freemasonry to American shores before Columbus came.

But the more practical-minded eschew the beautiful hypotheses. They prefer to rest on sounder ground, namely on the Masonic philosophy itself, and to leave speculation of origin to the mystics. Whether or not Freemasonry was practiced in ancient Rome, whether or not Master Masons built the great medieval cathedrals, whether or not Osiris, Mithra, Eleusinian Mysteries, Euclid, Pythagoras and the Kabbala contributed to the growth of the Masonic rites and symbolism, the Masonic orders have become the most important and widespread secret soejeties in the civilized world.

This much is known historically: In the Middle Ages, groups of artisans formed guilds or "companies" for mutual protection of their crafts. Among these guilds was that of the stonemasons who, like the others, banded together to control the number of apprentices who learned the trade, the journeymen who traveled about in search of work, the master-builders who contracted for the construction of finer edifices. These guilds governed themselves, sought a voice in municipal affairs and, while they grew up under feudalism, marked a departure from the strictly feudal pattern of society.

To insure goodwill, and thus to win restrictions and exemptions, and perhaps contributions, these guilds of "Operative" Masons—or Masons who "operated" in the craft—apparently conferred honorary membership upon lords of the manor, the nobility, the gentry and even royalty. These honorary members were called "Speculative" Masons.

It seems that the philosophy and the ritual attracted the loyalty of so many that soon the "Speculative" Masons outnumbered the "Operative" Masons and Speculative Masonry expanded rapidly, although it remained exclusive nonetheless. Secrecy had been enjoined upon the artisans when the guild met to discuss wages and prices and to ballot on new members, and that secrecy continued to be enjoined as the lodge grew, such obligations being valued as aids to the development of character.

However, there was, and still is, nothing secret about the principles of Masonry. The adherents of Freemasonry believe that there is one God, "The Great Architect of the Universe," the All-Father; that life itself should be a quest for truth and knowledge; that the building of personal character is necessary to prepare one's self for the reception of truth; that the Bible is man's book of ethical and spiritual laws; that immortality of the soul, and not the grave, is man's end; that brotherly love is the most important axiom of human behavior.

Different lodges word these principles differently, but no Mason would be likely to object to this summation of his beliefs.

The Operative Masons, rightly jealous of their privileges as free workmen in a world of serfs, had naturally contained three divisions, or "degrees," and those remained, and still remain, the foundation of Freemasonry. The first degree is that of Entered Apprentice, the second of Fellow Craft, the third of Master Mason. No man may enter any of the other Masonic orders who has not fulfilled the requirements of these three degrees, which comprise the Symbolic Lodge, popularly known as the "Blue" Lodge.

The derivation from the old guild of stonemasons goes far to explain the signs of Masonry. The ability to read was rare in the Middle Ages; books were practically nonexistent. In order to explain principles the Masters drilled the learners or apprentices; to maintain a monopoly in the craft, as well as to prevent inexact repetition, secrecy was essential.

Moreover, builders used geometry and the square, the level and the compass. Speculative Masonry hailed geometry as natural truth unassailable and found in it a host of symbols. The letter "G" used on Masonic insignia stands for Geometry and for God, "the Grand Geometer." The compasses are there to embrace friendship, morality and brotherly love. The plumb-line represents man's relation to the Deity; the level-line man's duty to his fellowmen. The square stands for conscience. All these are necessary to build the Temple of Character.

As PRACTICED today there are two important Masonic rites, the York and the Scottish. The foundation of both is the Symbolic Lodge which confers the first three degrees. After becoming a Master Mason one can follow either the York Rite or the Scottish Rite; or both.

When the Master Mason takes the Scottish rite, he may work for as many as thirty degrees, divided into six distinct groupings, from the fourth to the thirty-second degrees. The thirty-third degree, about which the public is so curious, is a purely honorary degree which may be conferred only upon thirty-second degree Masons for special and distinguished services in line with the Masonic teaching.

Both the Knights Templar and the thirty-second degree Scottish Rite Masons are eligible for membership in the "Shrine," or the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. The "Shrine" is known to many as the "playground" of this serious fraternity, for here those who have attained the pinnacle of Masonry indulge their love for display in colorful Oriental regalia, such as that worn in the Shriner parades. However, the Shriners pay for these indulgences with charities that have made them fully as celebrated as their Arabic garb and insignia have made them conspicuous. Incidentally, it is in the Shrine that these Freemasons demonstrate their recognition of the All-Father by referring in their rituals to the Allah of the East as another manifestation of the Supreme Deity.

European dictators notwithstanding, there is no "international" Masonry, although there are Masonic lodges all over the world. There is not even a supreme Grand Master over all the

lodges in the United States. Lodges in any given area, usually a state, have a Grand Master and confer recognition upon other lodges, but they recognize no Supreme Grand Master other than the Great Architect of the Universe. In short, no man can speak for all Masons. Freedom and equality and self-government are basic principles in the order. Perhaps that is why the first act of every Fascist government, particularly in Italy and Germany and in the lands they have conquered. has been the suppression of Freemasonry.

At this point one cannot gloss over the fact that there is a deep-seated conflict between Freemasonry and the Catholic Church. Since 1738 Catholics have been forbidden, under penalty of excommunication, to enter Masonic societies. The differences may perhaps be summarized as the Supernaturalism of the Church versus the Naturalism of Freemasonry: a non-partisan withdraws hastily.

Between 1826 and 1830 considerable anti-Masonic feeling was aroused in this country by enemies of the Masonic order with charges that a man named William Morgan, who had professed to reveal secrets of the society, had been sent to his death over

Niagara Falls. The fantastic story was brought up against Andrew Jackson, who was a Mason, and was used to incite Catholic voters against him. But Jackson was elected nevertheless and the anti-Masonic party soon disappeared. Political and sectarian discussion is now strictly forbidden inside the American lodges of Freemasonry.

Today there are many auxiliary Masonic orders: such as the Order of the Eastern Star. There are also Masonic societies which are, for various reasons, not recognized by the majority of the regular lodges. The society of Negro "Masons" is among those unrecognized.

In the United States the influence of the Freemasons is evidenced nowhere as clearly as on the reverse of the American seal where the All-Seeing Eye is at the apex of a pyramid. The symbol is reproduced on the back of the dollar-bill. "In God We Trust," motto on our coinage is said to be a condensation of the Masonic motto, "In the Lord is all our Trust."

-Suggestions for further reading:
THE RELIGION OF MASONRY
by Joseph F. Newton
Masonic Service Assoc. of the
United States, Washington, D. G.
SHORT TALKS ON MASONRY
by Joseph F. Newton
Masonic Service Assoc. of the
United States, Washington, D. G.
FIFTY MILLION BROTHERS, fraternal organizations throughout the world
by Charles E. Ferguson
Farrar & Rinehart, New York

## Conspicuous Absence

ONE day in chapel, Louis XIV was astonished to note that only a handful of people were present instead of the huge congregation that ordinarily attended. Moreover, the people that were there seemed completely absorbed in their prayers and unaware of the presence of the King.

Afterwards, the King remarked upon these facts to Fenelon, his chaplain. "Ah, Sire," replied the old gentleman, "I think I can explain that briefly and to the point." "Pray do," said the King.

"Well, your Majesty, I made the announcement this morning, that you did not plan to attend chapel today. I thought you might be interested in learning which of your subjects come to worship God—and which

ones to flatter the King!"

-KERMIT WHITE

"GIVE ME MY ROBE, PUT ON MY CROWN,"
SHE RECITED, AND THE CHILD SENSED
THE MAGIC IN HER VOICE: A SHORT STORY



## In Sleep a Queen

by Louis ZARA

The rickety staircase ended in a well of darkness. There the squeaking buggies of the neighbors were stalled when not in use; there the mice scampered; there the children played on rainy days when the narrow cobble-stoned street, always lined with produce trucks and freight trailers, was too hazardous.

They should have been outdoors today, but here they were squatted at the foot of the stairs, dirty faces in the gloom and childish hands clutching at each other, and not one, from Abel, who was ten and the oldest, to Minnie who was barely six and the smallest, uttering a word.

The silence in the hallway was hollow, as though from dank cellar to paneless skylight, silence had taken over the way the sewergas often did, or the damp which

left tears on the scaling paint of the walls, or the night which was, even here, a shade darker than the day. The children sensed a sinister presence. They could hear each other's breathing, but they knew it was not that. They knew it was lurking somewhere in the old building. They could smell the decaying odors of stale food. rotted timbers and bad sanitation; but that, too, was familiar. They wondered whether it was not the bird which had flown into the hall early this morning and was still battering its head and wings as it spiraled to find a way out in the dark.

A door opened upstairs and a stab of yellow light zig-zagged down to them like lightning to the earthbound. Voices gargled roughly up there and a thin keening emerged. Then came the tread after tread of heavy feet and the echoing creak of each responsive stair. The sounds mingled now: gruff warning words, the sad weeping and the wrench of boards.

"Here they come!" Abel said hoarsely and coughed. The hoot of his lungs sped up to meet those coming down; it bounced against the dark walls and escaped through the skylight. The boy gripped the newel-post — gently, for it gave complainingly as though it were a thing alive—and drew himself up.

The younger children got up slowly, but their backs were bent a long while as though they were still afraid or uncertain of what was above there in the hall. A deep incense battled the damp and the mustiness. When it came down to them they sniffed at the spiciness in wonder.

"Perfume!" whispered David, who was seven: Minnie's older brother.

They finally recognized it as the odor that entered only in the wake of death. They tried not to breathe it but the incense filled the stairwell. They looked for Abel's dark figure and crept near him.

Someone up there was carrying an electric torch. The shaft of light waggled irresolutely. Its oval caught a patch in the wall where the plaster was gone and the sad ribs of the building showed. It picked out the clothespin head of the newel-post on the landing above. It wandered to the worn treads in the stairs and hopped down one after another.

A VOICE was chanting above the toneless weeping. There was a soft sliding sound with each tread: of bodies pressing against the narrow wall and the rail. Now feet were moving in unison like dancers who take one step forward, rest and take another step. From time to time the little bird near the skylight fluttered its wings. A black figure blotted out the beam of light and came down slowly, holding a dark bouquet in his hands. Before the menacing shape the children shrank behind Abel.

"It's only Mr. Brewster, her friend," he whispered and coughed again. The children fanned out in the darkness to stare at the man they had so often seen visiting here.

The street door opened. The wan daylight came in and caught them as they stood about the older boy. They blinked and watched Mr. Brewster stoop and place a stone against the tarnished kickplate. For an instant before he

shuffled out upon the walk they could see his face, bathed in yellow grief, the pupils of his eyes like black opals.

Then the priest came down and after him the men with the torch and the incense and the others carrying the long box. A single weeping woman dragged herself behind them, beating her breast and moaning. At the sight of her, Minnie's lips quivered and she began to sob.

Abel put his arm about the little girl's shoulders. He smoothed her pigtails. "That's her sister, Minnie," he murmured. "Mrs. Hazelton. You've seen her."

MINNIE stifled her sobs as the woman came into the daylight. She was a thin grey-haired creature with dabs of mascara under her wet eyelids, and furrows in her cheeks. At the sight of the children she pulled down her veil and her face became latticed with a black filigree. There was a moment of silence as the echoes fled. The children rushed to the doorway.

"There's only two cars," David muttered questioningly.

"They were poor!" Minnie's voice reflected awe.

The long box went into the larger car. Mrs. Hazelton and the

men, except Mr. Brewster, climbed into the second car. He put the flowers inside, but lingered a moment on the curb, his head bowed. When he looked up at the building he shuddered. He craned his neck to see the top floor and the window of the tiny room whence they had descended. As he lowered his head his eyes fell upon the children in the doorway, and he moved toward them.

"Which one of you is Minnie?" he asked gently.

The little girl cringed, but Abel pushed her forward. "That's Minnie, Mr. Brewster."

The man took a packet from his coat. "She—" he began: "I mean Miss Lloyd." He unwrapped a tiny gold locket. "She said she wanted Minnie to have it." He put the chain about the girl's neck, his long sensitive hands shaking. Minnie's small round face became pinched with fear when the cold chain touched her flesh.

"Minnie was always going up to see her when she was sick," Abel volunteered.

"That's what Fay said," Mr. Brewster returned quickly, fire smoldered in his eyes for a moment. He pressed on the locket and the cover sprang open. The children gasped at the exquisite painted miniature inside.

"She's beautiful," Minnie said wistfully.

"Who is it?" David asked. They had always seen her, hollow-eyed and grey-haired, half-sitting up in her bed when she talked to them. But in the miniature the face was full and youthful. The eyes and hair were black, the cheeks touched with crimson, the lips ruby-red. A blue-and-gold lavalliere rode on the graceful swell of the bosom.

"Who is it?" the man repeated. His voice quavered as though he wanted to cry. "Who could it be?"

"I know," Abel offered. "That's Miss Lloyd when she was a great actress. She used to talk speeches lying in bed—"

"Ah!" said the man. "You do know."

"She told me, too," Minnie raised her head proudly. "She told me everything. She used to say something like this: 'Give me my robe,' I guess, and 'Put on—my crown.'"

"'Give me my robe. Put on my crown. I have immortal longings in me," he quoted. "From Antony and Cleopatra. How she played that!"

Minnie kicked her heels together. "I think that's it," she said. "Once she told us she was even in the movies and that was 'way before they could even talk."

He passed his hand before his eyes. "Yes, yes!"

"She was in Europe once!" another girl squealed.

"Eight times!" Mr. Brewster corrected, a flush sweeping his yellow face. "Eight times. Before kings. Stockholm, Berlin, London—I remember in Vienna at every performance—" The gruff honk of an automobile horn brought him up and made his hands tremble violently. "Wear the locket, Minnie. You hear? Wear it now."

"My mother used to bring her soup every day when she got so sick," Abel declared. "My mother remembered seeing Fay Lloyd— Miss Lloyd—years ago. She was Cleopatra that time."

He shook his head. "How well I remember her Cleopatra!"

"She said she was Lady Macbeth," another lad added. "That's an actress, too."

"Ah!" Mr. Brewster's voice shook. "They all knew about her." He raised his head as though to call her. "Fay Lloyd as Lady Macbeth."

"She was beautiful," murmured Minnie, fingering the mass of hair that framed the lovely face of the miniature.

Tears clung to Mr. Brewster's eyelids. "Beautiful, my child?

When Fay Lloyd used to make her entrance—"

"Of course!" Abel cried loyally.

"She was the greatest actress in the whole world."

"Then why did she come here?" David waved his grimy hand toward the darkness in the hall.

Mr. Brewster dropped his eyes and did not answer. His tears made crystal pipings under his lashes.

"I know," Minnie returned.
"She didn't tell me, but I know.
She was once a beautiful queen,
a princess."

"A queen!" cried another girl.
"I like her a queen."

"A queen," agreed Minnie.
"But she had a spell cast on her that made her old and poor. So she was waiting for her prince to come." She glowed. "Oh, how I wish I could grow up to be like her some day—a queen!"

The tears loosed their hold on Mr. Brewster's eyes and slid down his cheeks. Then he strode rapidly toward the limousine and got in. The children shrank back into the hall and crowded the doorway.

As they watched the two cars moving away slowly from the curb and down the narrow street, Minnie's lips moved as she tried to remember the lines. "Give me my robe," she repeated thoughtfully. "Put on—my—crown. I have—I have—I have—im—im—"

"Immortal," said Abel.

"Immortal longings in me—"
Her small fist closed tightly about
the locket.

Louis Zara is young enough to hold conscription serial number 304 and old enough to have sired three sons and four best sellers. The three sons are aged 9, 7 and 6 and the four best sellers, in the order published, are titled Blessed Is the Man, Give Us this Day, Some for the Glory and This Land Is Ours. One of Mr. Zara's stories was included in O'Brien's collection of the Best Short Stories of 1940, and he recently received the award of the Chicago Foundation for Literature in recognition of the high literary distinction of his work.

## **Boomerang Boom**

A grocer wishing to create an atmosphere of success, told everybody that his business was booming. The result was that another man took him at

his word and started a grocery store next door. With the trade thus divided it took only a few months for both to go bankrupt.

-FREDERICK CHARTERS

## Gallery of Protographs CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

D. RIMARD STATULE
MIKLOS TORMAI
SLANG ST DEMILLY
JACK ANGLEY
WESTELM
SALES T GALFAG
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W. SUSCEPTERY
MARTIN SYMAN
STEPHEN DEUTWA
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BRUNG
VOMES PEREER
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CY LA TOUR
ANTHONY V. RAGUEN
TORAGE EORLING
A. EASTEARL MACPHERSON
SÉRER
DR. JOSEPH H. LORBER
LUCOS



D. RICHARD STATILE, NEW YORK



MIKLOS TOLNAI, BUDAPEST

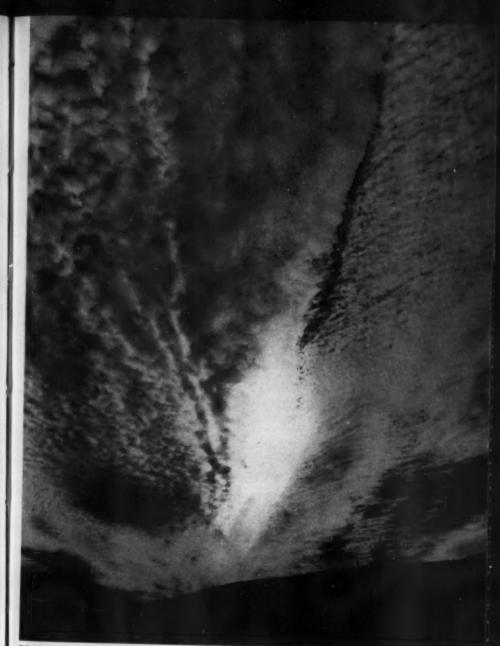
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COMMUNION



VOYAGE TO NOWHERE

D. RICHARD STATILE, NEW YORK



BLANC ET DEMILLY, LYONS, FRANCE

BLAZE OF GLORY



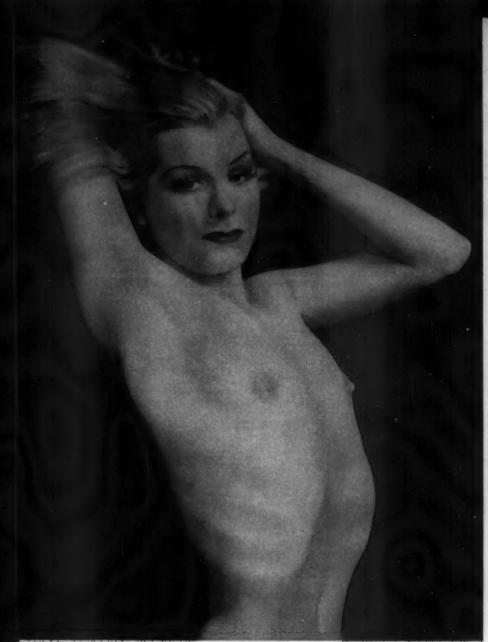
BATTLE WAGONS

JACK ANSLEY, NASHVILLE, TENN.



WESTELIN, CHICAGO

PICKETED



CHANDELLE

BARRETT GALLAGHER, NEW YORK



D. RICHARD STATILE, NEW YORK

HOMECOMING

MARCH, 1941



FUTURE EXECUTIVE

LOWELL DAVIS, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

MIH



MIHALY ERE, BUDAPEST

PUPPY LOVE



TASTE TEST

W. SUSCHITZKY, PROM PIX



MARTIN HYMAN, PHILADELPHIA

GOING PLACES



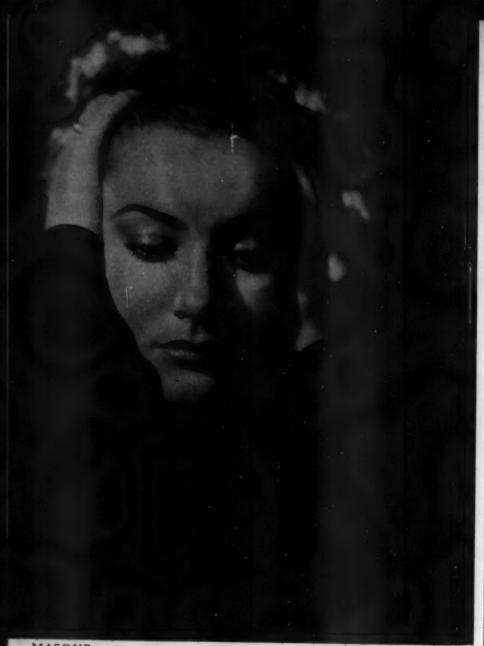
ANACHRONISM

STEPHEN DEUTCH, CHICAGO



DON WALLACE

IDLEWILD



MASQUE

BRUNO, NEW YORK



BLUE GALATEA



BLUE GALATEA

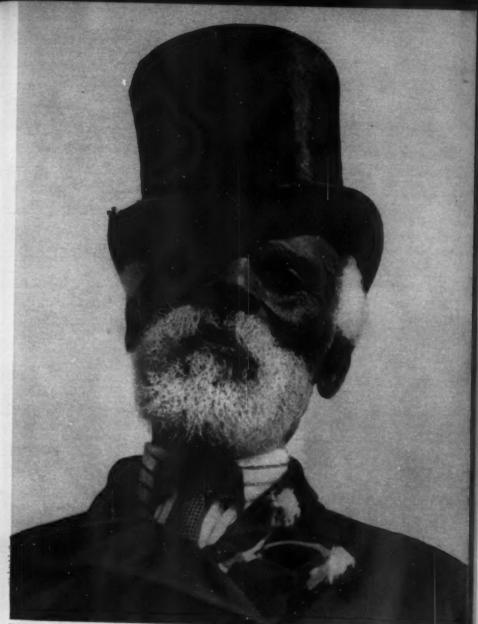








JEAN REISSMANN



VORIES FISHER, CHICAGO

THE DEACON



GAY PAREE

BRASSAT, PARIS



DR. ZOLTÁN ZAJKY, BUDAPEST

SUN TIME



LONG VOYAGE HOME

CY LA TOUR, PASADENA, CALIF.



ANTHONY V. RAGUSIN, BILOXI, MISS.

SHORT HAUL



BUMPKIN

W. SUSCHITZKY, FROM PIX



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PÉHER, FROM LEONHARDT

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DR. JOSEPH H. LORBER, CHICAGO

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IN THE ROUGH

MARTIN HYMAN, PHILADELPHIA

CORONET 108 ZU



ZUCCA, PARIS

GAMINE



NIGHT MUST FALL

JOHN KABEL, DAYTON, OHIO

CORONET

# Carleton Smith's Corner

### CORONETS:

To Pearl Buck for Today and Forever: China, complex and strange, changing and unchanged, may bring victory out of despair.

To Katharine Hepburn whose *Phil-adelphia Story* takes her off the box-office poison list.

To Bayou Ballads of the Louisiana Planatations sung in Creole by Marguerite Taggart: full of flavor and meaning.

To Ilse Bois, a female Charlie Chaplin, whose versatile, sophisticated *In*ternational Faces are a sensation.

To Rodgers and Hart for the tunes and Rabelaisian ditties in Pal Joey.

#### DUNCE CAPS:

OHIO

To the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony for programming a Rachmani-

noff piano concerto on the Sibelius 75th birthday broadcast.

To NBC executives for misinforming Arturo Toscanini about rehearsal possibilities in Carnegie Hall, thereby losing one of his broadcasts.

To Elmer Rice for writing an editorial and calling it a play: Flight to the West is a humdrum, dull debate on an important subject.

#### THORNS:

To the Hays Office for middleclass morality, for emasculating Kitty Foyle.

To Leopold Stokowski for endlessly obtruding his halo-haired profile into Fantasia and attempting to substitute for Minnie Mouse.

To Bittersweet: good only because both Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson

MARCH, 1941

Eddy can be avoided at once.

To John Barbirolli's mis-recording of Sibelius's Second Symphony (Columbia M-423).

To Santa Fe Trail, neither wild nor West.

To Radio City Music Hall's mechanical ballet and repetitious productions.

To endless imitations of Life with Pather.

### SO THEY SAY:

Mark Twain: "Always do right. This will gratify some people and astonish others."

G. B. S.: "The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is."

Milton Berle: "People in Hollywood drive as if they were going to be late for an accident."

Adolf Hitler (Chapter XII, Mein Kampf): "The British nation can be counted on to carry through to victory any struggle that it once enters upon, no matter how long such a struggle may last or however great the sacrifice."

#### INDIVIDUALISMS:

Einstein wears old-fashioned flannel nightgowns and never pulls a shade.

Balding Jan Kiepura shellacs his head.

Fannie Hurst strolls in Central Park just before dawn, star gazing.

Before he begins a broadcast, Bruno Walter always coughs. It's his greeting to a Hollywood friend.

### STRICTLY INCIDENTAL:

Brock and Margaret Pemberton's latest production was on and off Broadway so quickly they can't remember its name.

The largest aggregation of people in the world, over 14 million, live within a fifty mile radius of Princeton, N. J.

Heywood Broun's novel The Boy Grows Older is being filmed.

Dorothy Thompson and Charlie Chaplin are often together.

Stokowski broadcasts the St. Matthew Passion on Mutual's network March 28.

College girls in the West wear bells on their shoes, ring down movies if they disapprove.

Fredric March is hunting a good Broadway play. So are 100 others.

Canadian tourist associations will soon sponsor U. S. radio programs.

In the U. S. there are 105 men to every 100 women.

Eddie Duchin is learning how to sing . . . Judy Garland is in a quandary over hundreds of letters begging her "not to grow up."

According to couturiers, the hardest women in the U. S. to dress are Elsa Maxwell and Helen Twelvetrees.

Preston Sturges' leading women all have a marked resemblance to his wife (a Gibson girl), whom he considers the most beautiful woman alive.

Renoir, asked how he knew when he had finished the painting of a nude, said: "When I begin to want to put my hand on her derrière."

HOW WASHINGTON'S GHOST DIPLOMATS, WITH THE BLESSINGS OF THE PRESIDENT, OPENLY STRIKE BACK AT THE DICTATORS



## **Embassies of the Dead**

by Andrew Barnes

A CHILL, raw wind swept down on Washington, and tugged at the flag flying from the White House staff. On the State Department steps across Executive Avenue, a weary, handsome young Nordic giant looked at the Stars and Stripes, and his eyes filled with tears. His lips moved in silent prayer.

Then he hurried across the avenue to call on President Roosevelt, the last hope of lost nations. There was not much he could do as the diplomatic representative of a little nation of four million souls. Gigantic Soviet Russia was "repelling the aggression" of tiny Finland. There was slaughter along the Mannerheim line; there was slaughter all through Finland, and Dr. Hjalmar Procope, Finland's minister to Washington, desperately sought help.

He got a generous bounty of sympathy, several millions of dollars in loans, a few shiploads of non-military supplies. But, most important, he got assurances from President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Cordell Hull, both inflexible moralists in international affairs, that if only a dozen Finlanders were left alive, they would be recognized by the world's greatest democracy as a free nation, the real Finland, though they toiled in Russian slave gangs.

Washington's ghost diplomats—the men who represent dead nations—were not so fortunate as Dr. Procope. His country put up such a terrific fight that the Soviets were glad to make peace for a portion of the territory they had tried to conquer. Their nations lost the battle.

But there is one thing alone that

Stalin and Hitler and Mussolini have been unable to kill or conquer—the hope and faith of a resurrection. There is a defiant ritual in the way Washington's ghost diplomats carry on, maintaining the fiction that theirs are free and living governments. They live in hope that some day, when peace returns, an all-powerful United States will step up to the conference table, turn back the clock as Woodrow Wilson did at Versailles twenty years ago and give them a new life.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and Secretary Hull have been doing everything in their power to nourish this hope, to keep glimmering the spark of life. When the President took the oath in 1933, one of his first announcements was that the United States would persist in its refusal to recognize the illegal seizure of territory by conquest and aggression.

As a result, the Nazis struck flint when their handsome, debonair Hans Thomsen, charge d'affaires for the Reich embassy, called on Dr. Vladimir Hurban in the Czecho-Slovakian ministry after the Munich carving. There, in the grey stone building, far from Prague, the Führer met his first defeat. The State Depart-

ment, with Mr. Roosevelt's approval, had mapped out a plan that was unbeatable, a plan to keep somewhere a spark of Czecho-Slovakia alive.

Dr. Hurban, a swarthy, fierce soldier of World War distinction, sent word back that must have set Hitler raging. Hurban hoisted the Czech flag if anything a little higher and said, "Come and get it if you think you can!" Hitler couldn't. The flag still flies defiantly every day, and the fight for resurrection goes on far from the European battlefronts.

The U. S. government has encouraged Dr. Hurban's revolt in every possible fashion. Sumner Welles, Undersecretary of State, said the U. S. would never acquiesce in such "temporary" extinguishment of the liberties of a free people, clearly intimating to Hitler that he would some day lose his conquests.

THE OTHER nations came in a sickening rush.

Faik Konitza, the scholarly bachelor minister for Albania, who was once reported engaged to Ann Corio, the stripteaser, closed his ministry when Mussolini drove King Zog through the mountains into Greece. Konitza, showing no love for the Greeks despite their avenging victories on the Italians, spends his days reading philosophy and hoping for a restoration of his nation. Again the United States refused to recognize the accomplished conquest, despite ardent wooings by Il Duce.

The conquest of Poland confirmed what Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary Hull had suspected after watching the Czecho-Slovakian and Albanian "crimes." That's what they called them privately. They discovered that the dictators wanted, as much as the territories and natural resources, their victims' international exchange and credits to bolster nose-diving totalitarian currencies and economies. The Czecho-Slovakian and Polish credits and moneys were speedily maneuvered away through dummy corporations and terrorized captives in the conquered territory, and siphoned off into Nazi hands. The same thing had occurred with Albania.

The Polish government managed to spirit twenty bus loads of gold away from Warsaw as the capital reeled under the Nazi bombardment, and smuggled the hoard to London by way of Turkey and a British warship.

Before Hitler and Mussolini realized that Mr. Roosevelt was "wise," he had concocted a plan for blocking their by now familiar technique for kidnaping the credits of their victims. Congress, at his request, passed a law allowing him to "freeze" foreign bank balances and credits, public and private, and pay out money from the captive funds only when he could be sure that it would not reach Hitler's or Mussolini's hands.

By this method, President Roosevelt has seized upwards of four billion dollars, a gigantic sum and a tremendously rich plum which the dictators cannot shake loose. Enough money to finance their wars for many months, if only they could get it.

These are the funds which now enable Washington's ghost diplomats to carry on their fiction. They are literally "spoon fed" by the United States treasury which pays them, out of their frozen balances, only enough money to maintain their Washington establishments and keep up representation in other parts of the free Western Hemisphere. Some of their nations have a billion dollars credit here, but the ghost diplomats, if they wanted, could not get a thin dime to send into conquered territory.

Dr. Alfred Bilmanis, minister for tiny Latvia, Povilas Zadeikis, minister for Lithuania, and Johannes Kaiv, Estonia's acting consul general, thus defy Josef Stalin and his red army of sixteen millions. Count Robert Van der Straten-Ponthoz, Belgian ambassador: Henrik de Kauffman, minister for Denmark; M. Gaston Henry-Haye, new ambassador for France's Vichy government; Hugues le Gallais, minister for Luxembourg; Wilhelm Munthe de Morgenstierne, minister for Norway and dean of the diplomatic corps; Dr. Alexander Loudon, minister for refugee Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands: Count Jerzy Potocki, ambassador for prostrate, dismembered Poland, serving only until his successor can be accredited-in the same manner they defy Hitler.

DR. HURBAN has set the pattern of resistance for the defiant diplomats. Theirs is a job requiring every aid the United States can give them. Wherever the aggressors have been able to strike at these men, they have done so to break down, if possible, the spirit that maintains the fiction of independence and national entity. Count Potocki's estates were confiscated and divided, many of his relatives slain by the Nazi invaders. The others have suffered the loss of their properties, the per-

secution of their friends and relatives.

The Vichy government has tried vainly to get back France's billion-odd dollars. Because his government has shown a willingness to co-operate with their Nazi conquerors, because it started campaigns of racial hatred against the Jews, and because it precipitated the battles of Oran and Dakar by withholding the French fleet from the British, M. Gaston Henry-Haye is tolerated, rather than accepted.

A considerable part of the ghost colony is living literally on a shoestring. Dr. Bilmanis moved his Latvian ministry into a modest apartment to reduce expenses; but, he says, "It is still a little bit of Latvia." He was forced to dismiss all servants except a maid, to learn to drive his own car and dispense with the chauffeur, and finally to purchase a smaller, less expensive automobile. Dr. Bilmanis is even selling the Russian paintings from an art collection he spent twenty years in gathering. He is selling them "not because I hate Russian people" but in order to raise much needed funds.

Dr. Hurban, his country's funds stolen by the Nazi conquerors, lives in similarly straitened circumstances, as do the Estonians and Lithuanians. There are no luxuries for them; only the necessities.

In spite of their slender budgets, these men keep up a lively propaganda to maintain sympathetic sentiment, attend the right functions even if the waistcoat is not so faultless as last year, and continue to slip into the State Department for information—their own contacts with home virtually nil.

Before Hitler's armies swept into Holland, Queen Wilhelmina arranged for Dr. Loudon to become paymaster for the Dutch government in event of an invasion. It was a timely precaution. Dr. Loudon has the job of looking after much of the affairs of the tremendously rich Netherlands empire. The wise Dutch burghers are wasting no funds on social frills. Every cent that can be spared is

going into the war. Dr. De Morgenstierne of Norway found his duties similarly increased by the blitzkrieg. Norway's merchant marine, one of the largest fleets in the world, escaped Hitler's clutches.

Hitler and Mussolini and Stalin cannot crush these men who represent the dead. They have the help of the United States. They have the whole British Empire fighting for them.

"My hopes are built on a victory by Great Britain," Dr. Bilmanis said on Latvia's Independence Day. He was not speaking for himself alone. He was speaking on behalf of all of Washington's unhappy ghost diplomats. "Then will come a new European order, based on economic interdependence and the principle that freedom is a God-given right."

### A Matter of Sentence Structure

On the desk of Czar Alexander III lay a paper relating to the sentence of a political prisoner. On the margin the Czar had written: "Pardon impossible; to be sent to Siberia." In a moment of compassion his wife happened to

pick it up. Thoughtfully, she erased the semicolon after impossible and placed it before the word, so that the sentence now read: "Pardon; impossible to be sent to Siberia." The monarch allowed the alteration to stand.

—HERMAN KRIMMEL

YOU READ THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS
OF THE FAMOUS CHILD MOTHER; HERE'S
THE STORY BEHIND THOSE HEADLINES



# Peru's Five-Year-Old Mother

by MARY VAN RENSSELAER THAYER

I'was at a luncheon in his home in Lima, that one of Dr. Bussalleu's guests turned to me. "Now that you've inspected your quota of Incan ruins, you must persuade our host to show you Lina Medina."

"Who is Lina Medina?" I asked.

"The five-year-old mother—didn't you read about her last year?"

"Of course I read about her but I thought she was a fake!"

"Oh, no!" continued the guest eagerly. "Dr. Bussalleu operated on Lina when her baby was born."

The doctor, who was delicately peeling a mango, looked up at me.

"Lina's a very real little girl with a baby almost as big as herself. And what's more, she's right here in Lima, scarcely a mile away."

I asked to see the little girl and

her baby, but a frown struggled across the doctor's cheerful face.

"As a rule we show her off only to doctors or scientists."

My enthusiasm would not be quashed. At last he gave in.

"Promise not to treat the child as a freak and we'll go this afternoon."

DR. BUSSALLEU, I discovered, spoke Spanish, English and French with equal ease. After graduating from Lima Medical School he had served three wartime years with a Red Cross hospital in France. A Fellow of the American College of Surgeons since 1923, for five years he taught obstetrics in Lima and had recently retired to private practice from his post as Chief of Service in the Maternidad Hospital. It was here that the doctor, his Señora and I arrived.

On a wooden bench, facing an open door, lounged a khaki-clad policeman and a dun little man. They stood up respectfully as we entered a large, windowless room. lighted only by a frosted transom. On a crib between two hospital beds, a baby kicked happily. Beside him, a uniformed nurse peered at us through thick glasses, her gentle, wrinkled face incongruously daubed with rouge. To the right, a tiny girl sat at a miniature table, penciling industriously in a copy book. Her straight black hair was held off her low forehead by an enormous white bow. I caught her eve. Startled at seeing a stranger, she quickly looked away. Then the doctor's familiar voice reassured her and she jumped up smiling.

"Won't you greet the North American Señora?" he asked in Spanish. Lina gravely offered a square little paw. Her skin was a smooth golden tan, her black eyes too closely set in the chubby face. A frill of cotton panties showed beneath her printed dress and Lina's solid legs were smoothly encased in white silk socks. She was an inch or so shorter than my six-year-old daughter.

Dr. Bussalleu kissed her, poked her playfully. When she giggled I noticed several teeth were missing. He held her mouth open for my inspection. A lower tooth had vanished; on the upper row, two new center ones had barely pushed through the gums. At his command, Lina scrambled onto her high bed, pulled up her dress under her chin, then lay still. It took only a glance to see that the six-year-old girl was as mature as a woman. Dr. Bussalleu traced the white, eight-inch scar which cut in a puckered line straight down from the navel.

"A classical Caesarian," he commented. "Just a simple operation."

The doctor went on to explain how he first examined Lina three months before the baby was born. She was extremely anemic and during the succeeding weeks lay in a semi-coma, suffering almost continually from cramps and weakening sieges of sweating. Finally her condition grew so precarious that he decided to operate a month early. Her heart beat was feeble; her pulse rapid; she was kept alive by countless calcium injections and three blood transfusions. An amazing bone structure enabled Lina to give birth to a normal living child. The calcification of her pelvis and rib cartilage is equal to that of an eighteenvear-old girl.

Dr. Bussalleu lifted Lina high

in the air and set her down on the floor.

"There's a sturdy young lady," he exclaimed proudly. "Even when she was critically ill, her body functioned perfectly. She could easily have nursed her baby had we permitted."

THE BABY in question was now sitting on the Señora's lap, a cunning boy with pink cheeks and soft brown hair arched into a smart curl across his head.

"Pick up Gerado Alejandro," urged the doctor. "He's my half namesake, Gerado for Dr. Lozada who first looked after Lina, Alejandro for me."

I lifted him gingerly. His firm little bottom, safeguarded by pink rubber pants, weighed heavily on my arm. He stared at me solemnly, then with brisk decision, yanked out a handful of my hair. In the ensuing tussle, I became aware of Gerado Alejandro's mother. She had put down her book and was eyeing me distrustfully. I asked the nurse if she minded my holding her baby. Dr. Bussalleu translated Señorita Echevarria's rapid Spanish. Lina, she insisted, had no maternal feelings; had completely forgotten her illness; never questioned the child's presence, accepting him as her little brother. They were always together. On the nurse's day out Lina even tried to take care of him, but she lost patience when he cried, complaining bitterly that he disturbed her.

I reluctantly laid Gerado Alejandro on the bed. Lina had long since returned composedly to her books. She looked up politely as we approached. A colored picture topped the page. Ranged underneath were a series of simple sentences. She was copying the printed words in flowing, old-fashioned script.

"Whoever teaches Lina is doing a good job," I remarked to Señora Bussalleu.

"Yes," she replied, "Señorita Echevarria volunteered to teach Lina in her spare time, since the government makes no provision for the little girl's schooling. When Lina first arrived in the hospital she spoke only Quechua, an Indian dialect, but being naturally bright and ambitious, learned Spanish quickly."

The Señora and I each handed Lina a shiny Sol, a coin large as a silver dollar, worth about seventeen cents. Dutifully, Lina murmured "Gracias, Señoras" and placed them precisely, one atop the other, beside her copybook. Candy or toys would have seemed to me more appropriate but Señora Bussalleu had insisted succinctly "Money!" Lina's five years of stark poverty had made her precociously aware of its value and the coins contributed by visiting physicians were deposited in a savings bank.

LINA prefers clothes to playthings. She is as vain about her appearance as an adolescent girl and fussily insists that her hair ribbons be tied just so, her socks kept up neatly with elastic. She developed a passion for pajamas, begging for pink ones with blue roses. Such a sophisticated taste in lingerie, undoubtedly inspired by some private patient, proved a considerable expense to Señora Bussalleu who, with other doctors' wives, provided the wardrobe.

Gerado Alejandro, buckled securely in his go-cart, was trundled out to the patio. Lina placed her books protectingly over the coins, deliberated in front of a table covered with battered toys, chose a rubber ball. Holding fast to the doctor, she skipped out of the room, ignoring the policeman and the dun little man who again popped to attention as we left.

"Who's that with the policeman?" I inquired.

"Lina's father!" was the reply.

I turned around and stared. Obviously a half-breed, his complexion was lighter than an Indian's, his features less rugged. Except for his store suit, there was nothing to distinguish him from the farmers and herdsmen I had seen on market day in some high Andean village.

While Lina bounced her ball energetically in the sun-drenched patio, the doctor told me the father's story. He came to the hospital every day, sitting silently for hours at a time beside the policeman assigned to protect Lina from sensation seekers and possible kidnappers. Lina was polite but paid no attention to him, her affections being centered on her doctor and her nurse. When the child first burst into the limelight, her father had been sullen and suspicious, like any primitive person confronted by the unfamiliar. But civilization thawed his reserve and, with a few Sols to jingle, he became almost genial. These daily visits were no indication of great love. His daughter had brought him a meal ticket, and by keeping an eye on Lina, he would assure its permanence.

Lina Medina was born in Antacancha, Peru, on September 23, 1933. She gave birth to a son in

the Lima Maternidad Hospital, May 14, 1939, exactly five years, seven months and three weeks later. Antacancha, or "Ancient Farm," is a small village on the River Ito in the Parish of Pauranga, six thousand feet high in the Andes and several days by muleback from Pisco, the nearest sizable city. Both Tiburcio Medina and his wife, Victoria Losa Medina, were thirty-two years old when Lina, their eighth child, was born. The Medina children, who now number nine, are entirely normal, with the exception of a feeble-minded seventeen-year-old brother.

As a tiny baby there was nothing remarkable about Lina, but at eight months she became pubescent. This phenomenon did not alarm her mother since bleeding from internal tumors and ulcers is not uncommon among primitive Indian children. Four years later, when Lina's plumpness first became apparent, Victoria Losa Medina, firmly believing her daughter had gorged on wheat which had then swollen inside her, administered a shattering purge. As the child's midriff continued to increase, more stringent methods had to be undertaken to reduce the curious swelling. The neighbors were consulted and it was decided to call in a capable witchwoman.

Three witch-women were eventually consulted in turn. Their diagnoses ranged from a snake in the girl's abdomen to a possible impregnation by the neighboring, amorous Andes (for mountains are male, the Indians believe). By this time the child had become so unwieldy she could scarcely walk. In despair, Tiburcio and his wife set out with their daughter in search of more sophisticated witchwomen. They never thought of consulting a physician, since doctors are objects of suspicion in the Andes. On Pauranga's main street a policeman, doubtless well versed in domestic matters, sized up Lina's condition at a glance. He herded the protesting family to a doctor who instantly forwarded them to the Maternity Hospital in Pisco.

Dr. Gerado Lozada, head of the Pisco Hospital, attempted to discover the father of Lina's baby. This difficult task required delicacy and an expert knowledge of child psychology. Doctors found it hard to pose questions which Lina could understand. Even in Peru, where half-breed and Indian girls mature early, a five-year-old could scarcely have grasped all "the facts of life."

Furthermore, Lina did not suspect, nor had she ever suspected her pregnancy.

Frightened and utterly bewildered by her strange environment, Lina first accused her father. But after talking with taciturn Tiburcio and coaxing the child to confidence, Doctor Lozada realized Lina had misunderstood his question. Then the search commenced in earnest. Lina was questioned about her brothers, her relatives, the masculine inhabitants of Antacancha were gone over with a fine tooth comb. Neither her father nor her mother could furnish a clue. Lina, indifferent to the skillful catechism, baffled Dr. Lozada completely. For days she lay quietly in bed, never asking for parents, family or playmates. At last she gave herself away by unexpectedly mentioning the name of a cousin, a boy of sixteen.

Lina remained in the Pisco Hospital three months. Dr. Bussalleu came twice to examine her and on the second visit advised removing the little girl to the more modern Maternity Hospital in Lima. Five days after Lina's arrival, the Caesarian was performed.

Vainly Dr. Bussalleu tried to keep Gerado Alejandro's birth a secret. When the news leaked out the Limean papers were discreet, embarrassed. But the North American press flaunted streamer headlines.

There followed a barrage of exploitation schemes. The World's Fair had just opened and several impresarios wished to add Lina to their string of freaks. Like Oliva Dionne, but infinitely more naïve, Tiburcio Medina signed a contract for commercial exploitation. But Lina was still very ill and before her convalescence the Peruvian government stepped in, canceled the father's parental rights, and made the child a ward of the State. Our watchful State Department was in a way responsible for this move. Washington reasoned that exhibiting Lina would be bad publicity for Peru. This hint was passed on to the Lima Embassy and Lina was effectually prevented from summering in Flushing Meadows.

At parting, Lina accompanied us to the door. As we gained the street, she ran a few steps forward and waved good-bye frantically.

Mary Van Rensselaer Thayer has spent half her life in odd corners of the world. The rest of the time she has worked on newspapers, covering such events as the Coronation, Hauptmann trial, Windsor wedding. Since she was young, Mrs. Thayer has summered in the Balkans, getting about in cattleboats or staying elegantly with such nabobs as the Zogs. Recently she has been dipping into remote parts of South America.

There's always room at the top—or is there? At any rate, every job-getter knows that there certainly isn't always room at the bottom. The main idea, of course, is to make room, as these bright-eyed individuals ingeniously and determinedly proceeded to do.

# They Got the Job

Hordes of adventurous young men long to be newspaper reporters, but such jobs are few. Porter Fredericks knew it-but he still wanted to be a reporter. The city editor of the big daily in his city began getting phone messages: "This is Porter. There's a fire on South Street and I've got some dope on it," or "a man was just seriously hurt by a hit-and-run driver and I've got his name and some facts from witnesses." The mail brought to the editor's desk short articles on odd phases of life in the city, and crisp, brief interviews with off-track personalities. All were signed "With the compliments of Porter." This continued for several months. One day Fredericks dropped in on the editor. "I'm Porter," he announced and told how he spent his time making the ac-

quaintance of policemen, social workers, city officials and others who might prove useful to a reporter. He didn't get a job just then, but a few months later, when one of the staff men left, Fredericks got his chance—and he's making good news.



When George Bishop learned that there was a job open in the shipping department of a large business house in his city, the young Ohioan didn't waste a minute. By special messenger he dispatched to the head of the shipping department a smartly tied and neatly addressed package. The clerk opened it to find, inside, another box. Within that was a third, and in-

side that a letter—George's application. "I thought you might like to have me demonstrate my ability instead of merely telling you about it." He listed the wrapping time for each package, "believing that you are interested in speed as well as in appearance." The chief shipper was interested in George as well.



TWENTY-TWO businessmen were startled one afternoon when paper butterflies flew out of the envelopes delivered to them by special messenger. Each butterfly trailed a streamer which read: "Your promotion problems will fly away if you let me handle them." More down-to-earth was the accompanying letter which told of George Tyson's experience and outlined ideas for increasing the business of the gentleman he had just astonished. One of them took a flier on Tyson.



"What's all this?" grumbled the manager of a West Coast manufacturing plant as a half-dozen snapshots fell out of a letter. The photographs showed various parts of the yards: of trucks, materials, men and buildings. Each picture was pasted on a sheet of paper and carried a notation. "A rearrangement here should save

you \$900 a year," one said. Another read: "Thirty minutes per man per day can be saved on this operation." The letter was direct: "You are, of course, too busy to keep your eye on every detail in a plant as large as yours. But someone ought to do it for you. May I come in and talk with you?" The writer of that letter didn't wait to hear from the businessman. He phoned him that same afternoon—and a few weeks later was busy at the job at which he had pictured himself.



HOBART MILES had picked out the firm for which he wanted to work. But they said they didn't want to break in an inexperienced man. Miles decided to bore from within. From neighborhood dealers in the Bronx he secured the names of families who had purchased the household appliance Miles' favorite plant manufactured. He called on fifty of them, asking: "What don't you like about this product? . . . How would you improve it? . . . Would it serve you better if these changes were made?" While complaints were few, he gathered several ideas that would interest the designers of the appliance. The company adopted both Mr. Miles and his suggestions.

Readers are invited to contribute to "They Got the Job." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. SINCE SYNTHETIC RUBBER THRIVES ONLY IN THE SUNDAY SUPPLEMENTS, THE AMERICAS WELCOME HOME THEIR PRODIGAL PRODUCT



# The Return of Rubber

by Charles Morrow Wilson

CARELESSLY and stupidly the Americas have relinquished an American-born bonanza which vies in importance with steel and oil, and without which no nation can now defend itself.

This bonanza is "natural" rubber. The dominant source of all commercial rubber is the sap of Hevea, a stately ashen-barked jungle tree which is native to South America. But the American-born Hevea has been pilfered to become a number-one plantation crop of the Orient.

Today, wild rubber of the Amazon country is virtually abandoned, while British Malaya and the Dutch East Indies have under cultivation more than 4,000,000 acres of Amazon-type Hevea trees, producing respectively about 41 per cent and 38 per cent of the world's crude rubber supply. To-

tal South American recovery has fallen to 1.41 per cent. Brazil, home of Hevea and cradle of rubber, now imports Hevea from faraway Malaya.

Meanwhile U. S. consumption of natural rubber rises from about 590,000 tons per year (more than half of the world supply) to perhaps 700,000 tons as we begin building an army which must march not upon its belly but upon skidproof tires. Meanwhile, too, Japan edges within easy striking distance of Singapore, which has replaced Pará, Brazil, as rubber capital of the world.

The world drama of rubber plays to a climax. The United States, with a supporting cast of six or seven Latin American governments and a stage-hand crew including several U. S. rubber manufacturers and the doggedly

laborious U. S. Department of Agriculture, is dress-rehearsing an All-American road show which might be titled "Bring Back My Rubber to Me."

Central America is the principal scene of the rehearsal. Using the rolling tropical countryside about Turrialba, Costa Rica, as experiment headquarters, the Department of Agriculture has established six Hevea stations in as many parts of Central America. Preliminary soil-climate surveys are encouraging. There is absolutely no doubt that Hevea can be grown successfully on plantations in Central America.

British and Dutch rubber kings, like most of our own authorities, smile wearily at Sunday newspaper fantasies to the effect that rubber can be extracted commercially from milkweed, dandelions or more or less whatever grows beside the lane. Age-weakened Thomas Edison and other industrialists were bamboozled by such notions. The cagey British and studious Dutch have long since learned better. So, too, for our ease of mind, has the hard-boiled, fast-moving rubber industry in this country.

For two centuries European research in cellulose has proved that sap or juice from hundreds of common plants shows structural similarities to rubber. In parallel, all ocean water contains gold. But a gold-standard nation proposing to boil its gold supply out of seawater would be no more deluded than we, the ranking industrial nation, proposing to acquire one of our four greatest industrial materials from occasional milkweed which droop beside pasture fences.

Or from a drawerful of badly outdated and never very welcome patent formulae for making "synthetic" rubber. Actually the term "synthetic rubber" is about as sensible as "artificial mud." Like mud, rubber is an enormously broad classification of materials, "Elastromers" is the current term for substitute materials which approximate the structure though not the actual chemistry of congealed Hevea sap. Reportedly, elastromers now devised by Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany are preponderantly made of a gum base, such as butadiene or "Buna," obtainable from various hydrocarbons treated with sodium.

Such substitutes are certainly no feathers in the scientific caps of the Nazis or the U.S.S.R. The required industrial chemistry dates back to English patents of 1910. Moreover before Hitler became a corporal or Stalin a pipe poseur, elastromers had been widely and successfully manufactured in the United States to meet specialized plastic needs. To date, manufacturing costs of such substitutes range from approximately two to six times the prevailing world prices of crude Hevea rubber. And at present our total production of such substitutes is about one-half of one per cent of our established rubber needs. Recently I have discussed rubber substitutes with four manufacturers who produce most of our present supply. Not one is even mildly credulous of the suggestion that all or most of our rubber needs might be answered with patent elastromers.

It is not easy for any man's laboratory or factory to rival the productive genius of rich tropical earth treated with plenteous sunlight, rain, and eternal summer. But recent Hevea history clearly indicates that the latter advantages become vastly more effective upon well planted and well tended fields or orchards. One acre of cultivated Hevea frequently yields more rubber than a square mile of jungle stand.

In 1900 nobody had heard of a rubber farm. By 1912 perhaps 30,-000 tons of natural rubber were being raised on farms outside this hemisphere. By 1920, 89 per cent of the world total harvest of rubber, then 340,000 tons, was being grown upon farms or plantations of the Orient tropics and Brazil's recovery had fallen to 30,000 tons. Jungle Hevea was on the skids, and not by happenchance.

For Britain's imperialistic Foreign Office and Holland's sagacious Trade Board were simultaneously convinced that Brazilian Hevea is eminently the best source of industrial rubber. (Germany agreed, but lacking suitable tropical colonies couldn't do much about it.) So Dutch botanists and British bankers (not altogether independently) proceeded to acquire seed of the best Amazon Hevea, and carried it to colonies of the Orient for adaptation to coolie-worked farms. Despite human and herbaceous maladies and hellish climates, British Malaya, Indo-China, Netherlands East Indies and similar strands have supplies of native labor wholly unmatched by the sparsely settled Amazon tropics-sweating millions of human animals without living standards, happy for a chance to toil from dawn till dark for a few pennies or a handful of rice. Labor is the principal cost of producing natural rubber.

Further, talented botanists have developed techniques of budding, breeding and otherwise improving yields of the kidnapped crop. Plantation harvest is efficient, equipment is highly standardized.

Harvest is continuous, and so long as a British-dominated cartel could bank upon aggressive British control of Far East shipping, profits were enormous and competition from the American tropics was easily whipped. But now comes the Axis War, and with it the prospective return of rubber to its original home in the Americas.

We need not have too many scruples about stealing back our share of the rubber crop. The Oriental performance has had its faults. It has exploited native labor with a greedy ruthlessness which the Americas can neither afford nor endure. It has suffered liabilities of aging soils, plant diseases and deplorable human pestilences. It has not overcome the sound botanic advantages of adapt-

ing a native crop to cultivation within its own or closely adjacent habitats.

Nor can we afford to overlook the fact that restoration of Heyea to the American tropics means creation of perhaps a million American jobs, and an enormous two-way increase in inter-American trade and buying power. Also involved are desperately needed improvements in sanitation, railroads, highways and ocean shipping facilities for the American tropics. The return of rubber foretells a new solvency of Latin American agriculture. It spells more stability for United States industry and better security for the Americas.

During the past two years Charles Morrow Wilson has spent most if his time in Central and South America studying tropical agriculture, doing special chores for the government and gathering material for a book. The other volumes written by this Fayetteville, Arkansas citizen have dealt with the rural American scene. He is spending most of 1941 making an on-the-scene survey of medical practice in the tropics.

### And So They Did!

When the sword of General Cornwallis was being handed to the American Commander-in-Chief at Yorktown

on October 19, 1781, Washington quieted his cheering men with the words: "Let posterity cheer for us!" —LESTER HIRST

ALAN FISHER, STAR NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER, TAKES THE BEST PICTURES THAT SKILL AND THE PRESSURE OF THE MOMENT PERMIT



# He Takes Them as He Sees Them

by ROBERT W. MARKS

News photography is to "art" photography what blood-hounds are to Pekingese. The press boys don't theorize about human emotions, they record them; they don't analyze art, they make pictures.

One of the most interesting of the younger generation in this seabeaten craft is Alan Fisher, late of the World-Telegram—now one of the chief staff men in New York's new streamlined daily: PM.

Fisher is typical, in that he eats, dreams and goes to bed with cameras. He is slight, young-looking, constantly boiling over with ideas, enthusiasms and drive.

Fisher developed his first roll of films while still a bugler in a boy scout camp. He used moonlight for a darkroom safelight; learned the tricks from a waiter.

Some time later Fisher got a

job over week-ends—paying the munificent sum of \$2. Borrowing some odd dollars from the elevator man, he invested in a 3½ x 4½ Graflex. After this, he stopped at a photo supply store every Saturday and spent \$1.95 on photo supplies. Being a thrifty lad, he always saved a nickel for carfare.

"I didn't make one decent picture out of a hundred," said Fisher, with fitting modesty. "Boy, was I terrible!"

He was eager to improve his stuff; but information, in those days, was as scarce as copies of Hedy Lamarr's nude debut in Ecstasy. Fisher was finally driven to carry on a correspondence with



ARTURO GODOY, AFTER BEING KAYO-ED BY JOE LOUIS IN THE EIGHTH ROUND OF THEIR FIGHT AT YANKEE STADIUM, IS HELPED TO HIS FEET



Eastman. His first letter asked two questions: (1) "What is a ferrotype?" (2) "What is an enlarger?"

On a certain rainy day he took the lens out of his sister's folding camera and couldn't get it back. By a curious twist in logic, that became an excuse for an enlarger—and Fisher found himself started on the road toward equipment.

No experiment, at this time, was too overwhelming for his mighty imagination. Once he wanted to dry a roll of film in a hurry. He tacked it on a stick and ran around the block with it, trailing the celluloid behind him like streamers on a car marked "Just Married."

"The dust I got didn't bother me," Fisher said. "Since my enlarger was always out of focus, you couldn't see dust spots anyway."

When Fisher graduated from high school, his one idea was to get a photo job. And so to justify something about the best laid plans cliché, he wound up delivering eggs.

After many ups and downs, and much egg squashing, he finally got a job as dark-room man in a photo display house. Here he was put to work developing panchromatic (sensitive to red light) negatives. He developed these close to his red dark-room light to make sure he could see what he was getting; and he treated himself to the beautiful sight of fog—something that puzzled him no little, but his boss, no doubt, less.

He was then put to work enlarging display nudes of burlesque stars—a job more to his liking. All of this was on the basis of a \$12 a week annuity—subject to a \$2 raise at the end of the year.

Came the winter solstice and no raise. Fisher said, "I quit." He then joined a friend — and opened a free lance studio far away in the plains of Brooklyn. Soon he was turning out features and selling them to the World-Telegram.

He ground out so many, and sold so many of them, that he began to be a luxury item on the paper's budget. To save money they took him into the business. From then on he was a staff man, concentrating on sports features. From sports features he moved up to news features; and from news features he moved back to Brooklyn, again, as an ace photographer on Mr. Ralph Ingersoll's new gazette, PM.

This, in brief, is the chronology of a news shooter, whose color and excitement comes from day-



DEPORTATION PARTY—EN ROUTE TO ELLIS ISLAND IN AN IMMIGRATION TUG, FROM THERE TO BE DEPORTED TO VARIOUS PORTS IN EUROPE

to-day jumps, rather than from job-to-job hops.

No one sees human nature barer than the news photog. There was the case of District Attorney Dewey.

Mr. Dewey has a reputation for being high-handed with the press boys; and retribution fell with a heavy hand.

Once, when he was working on a Dewey job, Fisher was told by the D.A. to get in line. "Form a semi-circle," said America's hope. "You're not to take any pictures unless I smile—now stand ready and I'll smile at each one of you in turn; you'll have one chance to catch that, and that's all," was Dewey's ultimatum.

The photographers were barred from the Hines trial, and they blamed Dewey. Fisher ganged up with the boys; and a unanimous decision was reached: "No pictures of Tom—no matter what."



"THE JOSEPH CONRAD"—WITH THIS PHOTOGRAPH, FISHER WON A FIRST PRIZE IN THE 1940 EXHIBIT OF THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION

The clan is loyal. There were no pictures of Tom. Dewey got worried. After a week he said "Whatsamatta boys?" The judge was at fault, he claimed—but the matter was somehow arranged.

Fisher found Roosevelt one of the most charming and amiable of subjects. Fisher's job was to mug him in color for the *Tele*gram's then-existing roto section. He even asked Roosevelt to sign his blank expense account sheet, which the President did, smiling, and said: "Can't you boys make any money on your swindle sheets any more?"

The only thing that seemed to worry Fisher was that he had to hook up so many lights for the color shot that he was afraid he "was going to join the people trying to roast the President alive."

Fisher works almost entirely with a 4 x 5 Speed Graphic—the standard press camera. He uses



A MINOR SKIRMISH IN THE BATTLE OF THE ACTORS' UNION

this with a 5½ lens for straight work; a Schneider Angulon wideangle lens for seenes having a wider field; a coupled range finder; and multiple flash equipment. For special jobs, he fills in with a Contax and an Ikoflex.

He is a great believer in flash bulbs for unusual pictorial effects. He uses them even when he doesn't have to. Most of his shots either call for flashes or are made with the aid of bright sunlight. Well ensconced in a penthouse in Knickerbocker Village, he has a spacious dark-room overlooking the Bowery, the Lower East Side, a boy who blows a bugle, and a nun.

His one ambition is to own a truck in which he can lug all of his equipment.

Thus he would be able to carry extra lights for special effects, extra cameras for special occasions, and extra models for diversion. A LAWYER SERVES AS ONE IN TWELVE AND ALMOST LOSES HIS FAITH IN THE HAPHAZARD AMERICAN JURY SYSTEM



# Confessions of a Juror

by WILLIAM SEAGLE

One memorable morning I received a letter from the Commissioner of Jurors to report on Monday of the following week for jury duty. The average business man receives such a communication with gloom. I, on the other hand, was delighted.

Before abandoning active legal practice I had tried a number of cases before juries with various results. Like every lawyer, I was terribly curious to penetrate the mysteries of the locked jury room, and to discover by what process of unreason a jury arrives at a verdict.

The case was a civil action for breach of contract. The plaintiff was an automobile salesman, while the defendant was a toy salesman who wished to develop a toy automobile which would run around in circles but was unable to perfect his invention. The plaintiff asserted that the defendant had approached him for assistance. and promised that if he would put in all his spare time in the evenings in working on the toy automobile he would pay him two dollars an hour for his time. The plaintiff averred that he had put in 25 hours a week for 30 weeks on the toy automobile and therefore felt that he was entitled to have the defendant pay him \$1500, although he had never succeeded in perfecting the toy automobile. The plaintiff had been fully occupied during the daytime, and if he actually put in as many hours as he claimed in working on the toy automobile, he must have been up past midnight every night. The most conclusive bit of evidence appeared, however, when it was brought out that in the very period in which the plaintiff, the man bringing suit to collect the \$1500, claimed to be working so hard on the defendant's toy automobile, he had been married and had gone on a honeymoon trip that lasted a month.

WHEN THE evidence was all in. the judge charged the jury. I got the impression that he, like myself, did not believe a word of the plaintiff's absurd story. In response to a request by the defendant's lawyer the judge charged the jury that if they did not believe that the defendant, the inventor of the toy, had made any contract of employment with the plaintiff but on the contrary believed the defendant's story, it would be immaterial how many hours of labor the plaintiff had spent in attempting to perfect the toy automobile.

We retired to the jury room. It did not seem to me that it should take more than a few minutes to reach a verdict which would throw out the whole case. But my fellow jurors were apparently in no great hurry. They spent a good deal of time in discussing the defendant's lawyer whom they didn't like. When they got down finally to discussing the case, they all readily agreed that the plaintiff, who had gone on a

honeymoon, was lying when he swore that he had put in 750 hours in tinkering with the toy automobile. But he had done some work, and he should get something for it.

I had heard that jurors were addicted to compromise. Apparently they figure that a plaintiff wouldn't go to all the trouble of a law suit for nothing. I decided to enter the controversy at this point.

I had to argue for an hour. The fact that my fellow jurors knew that I was a lawyer helped a lot, especially when I emphasized the judge's instructions. All but one agreed to disappoint the plaintiff entirely, and bring in a verdict for the defendant. The one who held out was an Italian who had a vegetable and fruit store. He persisted in wanting to give the plaintiff \$250. I went over all the evidence with him but he remained obstinate. He only kept on repeating that the defendant "dida the work."

Finally when I was about to give up in despair I happened to mention what was perhaps the most obvious feature of the whole case.

"Look," I said, "it isn't as if the defendant is trying to cheat the plaintiff out of money he has made. The toy automobile was never perfected, and was never sold. The defendant hasn't made a nickel out of it. Why should you want to soak the defendant even \$250?"

A look of astonishment appeared on the Italian's face.

"What," he exclaimed, "he no maka da money?"

"No," I said, "of course not."
"Why you no tell me before?"
he cried. "If nobody maka da
money, he no getta paid."

We filed into the court room, and the chairman announced a verdict for the defendant.

In the following weeks I related the story of my experience as a juror to a number of my friends. The first one was a college professor. After he heard my story, he told me that he, too, had once served on a jury. "If it weren't for me," he said, "there would have been a miscarriage of justice." In fact every one of my friends to whom I told my jury experience countered with a story of how he had won over a jury to his point of view although at the start he was a minority of one.

My experience had at first shaken my faith in the jury system, particularly in civil cases. But after talking to my friends my faith has been restored. On every jury there must be one or more citizens who will see to it that justice is done. In fact the whole jury system rests upon the theory that in every group of twelve men there will be at least one who is not a moron.

William Seagle forsook law for writing, has produced several volumes on censorship in addition to magazine articles. He has, intermittently, turned back to Blackstone to the extent of serving as senior attorney on the Petroleum Board and as trial examiner for the National Labor Relations Board.

### Answers to Questions on Pages 36-39

1. C	11. B	21. B	31. A	41. B
2. B	12. C	22. C	32. A	42. B
3. C	13. C	23. A	33. B	43. C
4. A	14. A	24. B	34. C	44. A
5. A	15. C	25. C	35. B	45. B
6. C	16. B	26. A	36. A	46. B
7. A	17. B	27. B	37. C	47. C
8. C	18. A	28. C	38. B	48. A
9. C	19. C	29. A	39. C	49. B
10. A	20. A	30. C	40. A	50. C

The human race is the master of the earth. Therefore, it can expound the laws of animal behavior. But it cannot force animals to obey those laws. Animals, perverse creatures that they are, occasionally disregard the patterns set down in the animal psychology books, as in the true stories presented herewith.

## **Not of Our Species**

Which of the two water moccasins invented the new method of killing fish will never be known—nor what imbued the two reptilian brains with a spirit of co-operation. Anyway, here's the story:

The two snakes were observed by Prosecutor of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, W. E. Rogers, Jr. and John Winfree of the same city. When the men arrived upon the scene, the moccasins had just dragged the fish from a lake. One snake held the fish in its coils, while the other butted it with its head. Several times the fish squirmed free, only to be again captured and attacked in the same co-operative manner.

After five minutes, the fish was

dead and the moccasins settled down to share their kill.

Perhaps to maintain the balance of nature, animals must become more co-operative as man becomes less so, each species perfecting its methods of destruction in accordance with its particular genius.



ALTHOUGH the ghost which haunted Bognor house, England, and its investigation by Miss Rose Morton, medical student and skeptic, stand as a classic of the supernatural, perhaps the strangest part of the affair was the actions of the family Skye terrier. Several times this dog, in the presence of many reliable witnesses, ran up to the phantom woman who haunted the house, wagged its tail, and evinced all signs of pleasure. It jumped up, fawning, as if expecting to be caressed—only to suddenly realize its mistake, and slink away cringing with fear.

Traditionally, dogs are supposed to have supernormal powers. But this one couldn't tell a ghost from a living person. Maybe it just wasn't psychic.



JUST BEFORE daybreak, a troop of baboons being studied by world renowned naturalist Eugene N. Marais appeared at the scientist's camp and indicated that the men were to follow them to the baboon sleeping ground. It was dawn when the party arrived.

The cause of the trouble was at once apparent. On the ground beneath the baboons' sleeping quarters were the bodies of eight young apes which had died the night before from an acute disease. Fearful that the baboons would attack, Marais neverthe-

less instructed his men to pick up the bodies and head back to the main camp.

All the baboons followed at a respectful distance; that is, all except one young female. She kept approaching the men and wailing. It was thought that she wanted the body of her dead offspring. The bodies were therefore laid down so that she could pick out that of her child.

She did so at once, but instead of picking it up, she merely touched it with her lips. Then again she approached the men, stretched out her arms, and wailed. Several times the procedure was repeated.

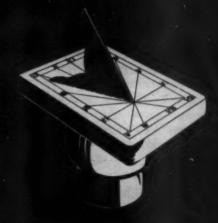
Finally Marais understood the meaning of the strange scene. The ape mother wanted the return, not of the child's body, but of its life. "She understood well the meaning of death, but thought we could perform a miracle."

The ape understood everything except that in the presence of death man was not her god, but only her brother.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

During the past year a number of men and women have been making welcome additions to their incomes by introducing Coronet to others. Perhaps you would care to join them as an easy means of augmenting your own earnings. If so, please address Department C, Coronet, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and you will receive all necessary particulars concerning this convenient extra-income plan.

The Council Bookelle:



# Yesterday Is Dead

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY STUART CLOSTE—AUTHOR OF "THE TURN-ING WHELLS" AND "WATCH FOR THE DAWN"

This book is a bugle call—a book to wake a man up with. It is most valuable to the individual who is most frank, who admits that today's contradictions and confusions have created a darkness not every eye can pierce. If such an individual will give Stuart Cloete's clear-headed statements the word-for-word attention they compel, they will snap on a light in his mind.

Published at \$2.50.55 Smith & Durrett The New York Consensed 1940 h. Same rate

Today I am the man in the street.

My point of view is influenced by my upbringing and the circumstances of my life. My opinion is divided between that which I know to be possible and that which, although I know it to be possible, I cannot believe.

This book is written to clarify my own mind, to try to create some kind of order, to find some kind of sequence in the events of the last few years.

The man in the street is uneasy. He does not know what is the matter, but he is clear that something is wrong. His life is simple. It centers around his home and his work. These things are all part of him. He could, until recently, count on them.

Now he is less certain. He does not know where he will be next year. He does not know how the shape of things will have changed. He does not like to think things out. If the papers say there will be no war, as the English papers said up to September, 1939, he is convinced that there will be no war. He is lulled by politicians he elected because their platform agreed with his wishful thinking; the newspapers that publish the articles he wishes to read—as a means of selling their papers.

Business must go on as usual. That slogan, "business as usual," and the party squabbles that accompanied it, account for the defeat of France and the danger of Great Britain. It is the cry of the reactionary; of the business executive who hides his head in the ledgers of a past prosperity. Business is not as usual, and never will be as usual again.

The future will either be vastly worse than anything at present conceived possible, or, spread over a long period, infinitely better than was conceived possible.

And there are two ways of facing the present. One way is to face

it realistically—that is to say pessimistically, and the other is to avoid all possible contact with reality. This is becoming increasingly difficult. The papers and even the magazines are full of war. On the radio a dance tune is faded into war news, garnished and softened by references to cool drinks, refrigerators and loans on motor cars, but nevertheless war news.

The tragedy is not the war. It is the failure of democracy—its complete inability to relate cause and effect, or to see that the terrifying events of today, and the still more terrifying events of tomorrow, are the direct outcome of past events. That National Socialism is political evolution, as total war is military evolution.

World
Sickness
The deep, hidden,
psychological cause of
the war is tension—

as opposed to the superficial historical reasons. This war—this revolution, is due to an unexpressed feeling against plutocracy. It is the revolt against the system which led to National Socialism on the one side, and on the other, against the system which led to the apathy and distrust of leaders which

characterizes the democracies. A nation has a collective mind and a collective memory. It has an inarticulate, but cumulative, passion that harbors for generations a resentment that has never been openly expressed. The collective mind of modern man is no different from the collective mind of primitive man . . . it demands leadership, and courage and integrity from that leadership.

It was these factors which were missing from the democracies at the outbreak of the war. It is these factors which are now coming into being. It is they that made Dunkerque possible; they that allow captains to go down with their ships at sea. But it is also these factors which will prevent, forever, the return of these conditions which made this war possible. There may be other wars; other conditions. But they will not be the same war nor the same conditions.

Historically, the present period began with the violation of Belgian neutrality in 1914. It was the beginning of break-up, not only of established knowledge, but of knowledge itself. Economists said the war could not last. It lasted four years. Today there are no

economists; there are only manipulators of currency who hope for the best while they try out their theories.

Patriotism either died of exhaustion, or was resuscitated in the form of a reactionary and ruthless nationalism. Brute force, that for hundreds of years had been decently clad in the uniform of the fighting soldier, gave place to the mechanic of death in asbestos overalls and goggles. He is a trained technician . . . an exterminator.

It was impossible that these renunciations of principle should not affect private lives and morals.

"This The concepts of libTyranny" erty, of freedom, are based on faith; on justice; on the knowledge that within that state, laws operate according to the constitution of that state. Centuries were required to build up that faith. The scales of justice came from ancient Egypt; the modern concept of right and wrong from the ten commandments of Moses, and the rights of man from the Magna Charta.

Tyranny is a system which denies these rights, and substitutes the will of a despot for the legal processes of a nation. Today the world is threatened by a despot; by a nation of despots, who have already silenced the voice of continental Europe. Because of one man, millions are homeless—how many dead?

For two thousand years, man has fought bitterly to raise himself above his geological heredity. Two thousand years of struggle have led him back to where he began.

Herr Hitler has arrested the mental processes of a nation at the Neanderthal stage. He has trained children, who are brutal by nature, into further brutality. He has taught them the arts of destruction, which come easily to a child. He has put them into planes and told them to destroy.

The fleeing babes of Europe will grow up hating. They will teach their children to hate everything German. Calm men will be goaded by the women into actions that will gain momentum as the wheel of evil spins.

Can the destroyed cities, and the dead, rise up to reassure them? Can this be wiped out in the twinkling of an eye? Will there not be for years the gaunt spectres of shattered towns and cities to

remind them? Will not children, playing, find bleached skulls in the hedgerows?

Even the names of these battles . . . the Battle of France . . . the Battle of Britain . . . have the ring of finality, the ring of total war, the sound of utter end.

# The Result There can be only two sides to the

question of democracy. Those who are not actively for it are, by their very passivity, against it. The hope that things are not as bad as they seem, or that things will pass, is false. Things will not pass; they are worse than they seem if we do not willfully blind ourselves to them—unless we can visualize the refugees; the terror of Dunkerque, or its heroism; the fury of the Battle of Britain.

There are no historical precedents for today. There may have been in other times equal will for destruction. But until now there has not been the mechanical means of destruction, or the mechanical and psychological means of holding enslaved peoples in subjection.

Freedom is contrary to the German thought pattern. The Nation-

al Socialist regime has merely accelerated all that was German; accelerated it to such a furious pace that the machine, were it to halt, would rip itself out of its foundations. National Socialism, which rose by force of arms, can be destroyed only by force of arms, either from outside the Germanic world or within it, or from outside and inside simultaneously.

Starvation by blockade is force of arms. Propaganda is force of arms. The tightening of the hostile stomach, the shrinking of its gut, by attrition, the gradual weakening by propaganda of the will to resist, the slow surrender to fear through bombing and the nerve wars, and the final terrible blood bath, are the ultimate ends.

There is actually nothing new in the National Socialist creed of slavery, both for residents of the Reich and its enemies. All that is new is a mind capable of fitting the thousand pieces of this puzzle together and springing it upon the astonished twentieth century. Incapable of reason, without actual integrity on any level, Hitler saw that the masses of his country, and of the world, were in ferment, needing only the stimulus of a popular creed to drive them for-

ward under his leadership. He saw, in fact, that man, being the most intelligent animal, was the most trainable animal.

His psychologists have turned their knowledge to the production of neuroses by terror. His chemists have turned from production to destruction. Engines designed to move men more quickly from place to place have been perverted. Now they only move death more quickly.

The great paradox has come about. Man, not great enough for the knowledge he has obtained, has become the servant of his inventions. We imagine that we have gone forward. We have gone back. And in continental Europe, those who refuse to put their knowledge to the services that the state demands of them are destroyed, or made fugitive, hunted among the woods and mountains, or lost, after escaping to America, their nervous systems shattered.

Seven hundred thousand books, great books from the libraries of Warsaw and Louvain, have been primed with gasoline and burned in German marketplaces. What good are books to the illiterate? Books make people think, and who now dares to think? And

this is not the end. More libraries and more universities will go up in flames. While books live and men have access to books, the human spirit cannot die. The destruction of the Library of Louvain twice, by the same hordes, is no accident. Its destruction is part of a plan that has been considered to the last item . . . to the last nail that Herr Hitler is trying to drive into the coffin of civilization.

The Doubtful The man in the Mind street is bewildered by the contradictory news he receives; by the contradictory appeals to his emotions that he must somehow endeavor to rationalize.

He hears Churchill and becomes pro-English. He hears Hitler, and is angry that Hitler should dare talk to him like that in his own parlor. He hears pacifists and is all for peace. He hears interventionists and feels that intervention is vital.

If he could make up his mind he is not allowed to. There is his work during the day, and a shelf to put up at night, or the grass to mow, and the baby is cutting its first tooth—that, for the moment, is more important than the war.

He thinks of the Republican and Democratic conventions; the cheap oratory, the pretty girls, and wonders what they have to do with the present crisis. He thinks of England and France, and wonders how their democracy fitted in with their actions in Abyssinia and Spain and China. He thinks about democracy in general, an abstraction which he has accepted without really considering. You could do what you liked in a democracy, and say what you liked, but was that all there was to it? How did it work? Did it work?

The common man in America, the man in the street, began to wake up. All was not quite what he thought it was. He began to question the real democracy of his country, the courage of its youth, the wisdom of a vaunted efficiency that led to nowhere. He began to see that if it was to remain his country, he had better do something about it. He questioned even the position of American womanhood, the theory of child worship, the culture of gadgets. His life, which had been so simple, became complex. There was so much to think about-to rectify.

He saw some of the anomalies of the time; the combination of surplus and starvation; the lapse in reason that quibbled at war losses while homicide and accidents went by unnoticed. He doubted the economic system that had 10 million unemployed; where 15 percent of the population received relief; where 40 percent of the population had an income of between 1,000 and 2,000 dollars a year, and another 40 percent had an income of less than 1,000 dollars a year . . . where 70 percent of the riches are on the Atlantic seaboard, most of that in the hands of women, and where 49 people have incomes of a million or more dollars a year.

It did not add up to the prosperity he had been led to believe existed. It did not add up to the American way, nor to the American standard.

It is astonishing to learn that the country is being blackmailed by big business and labor alike, while every conceivable kind of a red herring is being drawn across the track of rearmament by direct foreign agencies and indirect agents. That naval and military secrets have been sold to Germany. That patents vital to war industry are partially under German control. That the seepage of German

and Italian agents into South America has been far greater than was hitherto imagined. That the country is riddled with saboteurs and agents provocateurs.

The main difficulty of democratic government seems to be that any direct action it attempts is described as Fascist. Procrastination, discussion, trial by three or four courts have come to be regarded as the only democratic procedure. Anything active or final is fascist. Obstruction, argument, appeal to higher authority from every legal decision, have become synonymous with liberty.

America seems to be making every false step that Europe made. Searching her boundaries for experts, she discounts their opinions. Each man, instead of seeking service, is trying to force it on his neighbor with a "what's in it for me?" attitude instead of "what must we do to protect ourselves, our wives and children, from the threat of external invasion or internal collapse?"

The Dominion It was only of Fear dreamers who said, "Behold, a flood is coming. Make haste and build an ark. Be quick, get ready,

buy airplanes where you can, train men, build ships, conscript the wealth." These were the fools, the criers in the wilderness. They were Churchill, H. G. Wells and old Lloyd George.

But what after all were they? Churchill was too clever, a jack of all trades, and half-American at that. Lloyd George an old discredited Welsh lawyer; H. G. Wells a novelist. They did not carry umbrellas. They were not associated with heavy industry, a matter of paramount importance to a member of the British cabinet, presumably because of the respectability of pig iron, or the impressive weight of the metal in comparison to the nominal weight of the human brain.

It was Munich that let the cat out of the bag. Everyone knew the bag was full of cats—the Russian cat, the cat called Franco, the Balkan cat, the Japanese cat, the cat of the French fear of Germany, and the German cat which was fear of encirclement. Appeasement was an effort to tie another string around the top of the bag. It did, but Hitler ripped open the bottom.

The words "democracy" . . . "dictatorship" . . , "communism"

were shouted. Banners flew in every European breeze. There were no definitions, only slogans and cries. After Munich, war was a question of days.

Propaganda is moral sabotage; the means of undermining the faith by false news, false rumor, and an occasional truth constantly reiterated. It is based, like modern advertising, on the psychology of sex, fear, love of gain, envy. It is geared to strike all classes. For the masses, direct propaganda. For the educated, indirect.

Why fight for Poland? Why, indeed? Wars are engineered by capitalists and Jews. Recollections of war profiteers and armament manufacturers are exhumed. The English will fight to the last Frenchman. The old, buried racial hatred between England and France is dug up. The English have come. They are behind the lines making love to your wives. The sex angle. The army is rotten. Bringing doubt into national leadership. You have been betrayed! turns a strategic retreat into a rout.

That is direct propaganda. Indirect propaganda of the highest type is coming from Germany. A report is received in New York that an American destroyer has been torpedoed in the Atlantic. If this were true it would be likely to bring America into the war. But who wants America in the war? England. Certainly not Germany. Therefore when the report turns out to be false it is classed as English propaganda. What it does do is to build up further distrust of British methods and a resistance against any possible commitment that may drag the United States into the war.

The part of propaganda in war is the intellectual softening process that precedes the blow. The radio, whisperer of false news . . . the news-reel type of film; they are the best means of propaganda since their appeal is direct and emotional. Intimidation by act and word; the instrument of the gangster and the strong-arm squad. Another method of propaganda is the undermining of authority by ridicule. Children are encouraged to play tricks on the police force; hang out Nazi flags, secretly chalk swastikas on the walls and pavements.

But the true final objective of all propaganda is to divide nation from nation; so that they may be destroyed separately; to divide nations within themselves, so that

they are unable to organize a full resistance.

What follows is total war.

Total Total war, like propa-War ganda, is a means to an end. It is the organization of a whole people into a single engine of war. Its limits are only the limits of that engine. There are neither ethical, humanitarian nor social considerations.

What we consider the destruction of the world is to Germany its reconstruction. The Germans have always been a military people. They have been thorough. Total war is cerebral and scientific.

It is the simplicity of its conception that gives total war its horror. Not total war, but the knowledge that the human mind can so quickly revert to savagery. It is not astonishing that it should have grown so quickly in the German forests, where lie the great pagan gods, silent but undead. It is only astonishing that those who knew the Germans refused to believe them capable of such things.

Thousands dead; millions homeless and destitute on the roads of Europe; despoiled cities razed to the ground, whole countries devastated, burned. That is Europe today; the Europe that total war has made. Herr Hitler has a force of young men held by a fanaticism who are trained like dogs to perform the duties of motorized murder. He has a general staff remarkable for the ruthlessness with which it prosecutes his designs.

It is still too early to prophesy, but it seems possible that the zenith of Hitler's power has been reached; that he is now poised on the wings of his air force as a ball is poised hovering on a jet of water in a shooting gallery before it falls. If his air force fails to destroy the morale of England, fails to stop food and war materials from coming into Britain, his course is ruin.

There is no precedent for disaster in England. The battle will be fought to the end, in the air, on the sea, on the beaches and in the towns. It will be fought all across England if needs must be, and then will be continued from overseas. Everything is already lost in England. Everything is lost but England, and that will stand.

Oh Israel There can be no excuse for injustice, for brutality, for blackmail, for the tremendous forced exodus of thousands and for the employment of

Jews in chain-gang labor battalions; none for the banishment of German Jewish soldiers who had fought for their country; none for the rape and torture of sweated Jewish seamstresses, furriers and tailors; none for the treatment received by the men of science, the writers, musicians, painters and actors and doctors, none for the scientific persecution on an unscientific basis of pigmentation, nor for an Aryan dream whose very premise is founded on an ethnological error.

Eventually Germany will regret the loss of her Jews, and will see that in casting them off she has followed the path of Isabella's Spain, for Spain's failure to uphold her position among great nations of the world is due in part, great part, to the expulsion of the Jews who were her men of business, masters of her science and art.

All culture is now fugitive. All knowledge is now in flight with the Jews, as they symbolically bear their Holy Tabernacle of learning on their shoulders from land to land. What is the flight from Egypt compared to this, where men of all races are in flight? What is the slaying by Herod of

the first-born compared to this indiscriminate slaving of children: to this separation of small children from their parents? To what has the world listened that is comparable to their small wails, or to the lament of stricken mothers, walking dazed with dead children clasped to their breasts? For it is thus that it must be seen . . . not as a war, in which there might be some glory, but as an end to the state of things, as a socio-geological period, in which the vegetation of an ancient culture is blighted by the ice of mechanized force, buried beneath it, and frozen.

Already the night gleams in America with a phosphorescence of corruption. Daily, new events take their place in the panorama of failing democracy, fitting into it with terrible precision. A hero of the skies betrays, with Fascist appeasement, the ether that made him great. Senators, blinded by foreign might, see nothing important but the election, which might prove to have bound the United States in its winding sheet.

To some men and interests, the failure of England is a foregone conclusion. They can hardly wait for the autopsy. And, using the mask of patriotism to cover their

self-interest, they plead for cooperation with a victorious Germany. It is they who imagine that war can be confined by academic lines drawn through the evermoving waves of the ocean.

It is the enemy who will decide when and where war will be fought. The only initiative left for the United States is that of preparation.

The It is terrifying that Liberator there should be men among us who can subscribe to a doctrine of lies. forgery and coercion; that some of them should be prominent businessmen, university professors, officers of the army and navy, politicians who hold the reins of government. It is terrifying that those who cry "it can't happen here" have not seen that it has already happened. . . . In Louisiana, Jersey City and Kansas City; that it exists in every political setup of jobbery and nepotism; that every rake-off and cut, every evasion of income-tax is another wedge driven into democracy.

Yet there is no need for panic. There is possibly no great reason to be disturbed. What has happened is logical; it epitomizes all logic; all evolution. Those whose mental processes were not affected by the end of the war twenty-two years ago, that is the Germans, are defeating those whose brains have become atrophied by lack of use. Guns for butter, guns to get butter, became a religion.

The citizens of America must think for themselves and of themselves. They must remember that they are the last great democracy, the country upon which countless millions depend, millions of despoiled, homeless and distracted people of Europe. Not for help. They are beyond help. But for the knowledge that somewhere civilization still exists; that somewhere there is still freedom of thought. speech and worship. One country is the hope of the world. What stands between America and its great destiny is not the fifth column, whose technique is now understood, but the sixth column; the column of the unready, the wishful thinkers, and those who, like a New England professor of history, consider that Hitler has sharp Yankee insight and that a Nazi triumph in Europe would have no effect upon America.

Should the Germans be successful in the Battle of Britain, it is

unlikely that they will move against the United States immediately. Their victory would be followed by disclaiming all interest in this hemisphere; by reconciliations, even by very favorable trade agreements which would slow down all defense activities, prove how right the appeasers had been in their estimate of Teutonic reason, and make fools of the real leaders.

Then, as Germany organized the conquered countries, coordinated the conquered fleets of merchant and war vessels, the tone would change. There would be protests about the immense German minority in the United States; the twenty or thirty million people of German descent in this country who are separated from their fatherland and condemned to live in the chaos of an unorganized democracy; demands for rights, more protests, and at last the finely-strung German patience would become exhausted.

It cannot be said that Germany has no designs upon America, the richest democracy in the world, when everyone reads daily of their undisguised envy. Germany, however, will never attack America if she is strong. A powerful air force

and navy would make such an attack impossible and a big army, fully-equipped, even without the navy and air force, would at least stave off the danger while those services were being built up. The necessity for two million trained troops in this country is due only to the time factor, to fill in the two to six years required for the building-up of a great air force and a second fleet.

Most countries seem to begin a new war where they left off the last. The English fought the Boer War according to rules established in the Crimea. They started the war in 1914 as if it were another Boer War, and the war in 1939 was begun by the Allies with the certainty that they could hold it immobile according to the best trench warfare tradition of 1917.

In 1910, the French general staff stated that they were making machine-guns to please the public which demanded them, but that they would be of no use. In 1914 the French took the field in the long blue coats and red trousers of the Third Empire. Their cuirassiers went into action with shining breastplates and long horse-tails swinging from their helmets.

In 1940 America still seemed to

count on the use of cavalry armed with pistols.

It does seem pitiful that the democracy which we prize so much should send her sons forward with inadequate weapons for its defense. Shall we never be enlightened enough to give them weapons with which to fight the first battle instead of the last?

The American Way way is not the way of luxury.

It has nothing to do with ease, except the ease and luxury that are the birthright of every free man and woman. The old American culture has not been lost. It has only been covered by a veneer. Under a hard-boiled exterior the American remains deeply religious, full of sentiment and without the cynicism that made the old world so disastrously tolerant. He remains a perfectionist equally in his demand for the best kind of marriage and the highest skyscraper. He is unready to compromise. He finds the finest in everything; the biggest, the fastest and the most beautiful. He is undeterred by the impossibility of obtaining a cactus without thorns, or raspberries that have the quality of blackberries. He achieves them. He resembles the child who cries for the moon, with the difference that when he grows up he gets it.

But his way of life is incompatible with the way insisted upon by Hitler or that which would be imposed upon the Americas by a German victory. Without invasion, without direct threat even, a victorious Hitler means the regimentation of the nation for preparedness.

Britain is America's first line of defense. That it is three thousand miles away is an advantage. It is the English that are getting bombed. And England, like a fortress, is a giant pill-box that must be taken by Hitler before he can advance. If she holds out, she is the rock against which the resources of Germany will be shattered. England is not asking for much-moral support and the products of American factories. What she is paying for them in blood and treasure is beyond all calculation.

While Americans have Englishmen ready to fight for them, it would seem wise to keep them in the field, to keep their guns in their hands, their planes in the

skies and their ships on the seasboth cheaper and wiser. Help to England has lost its altruism in the last few months and become sound common sense. "The Lord helps those who help themselves" is translated into: "The Lord is more likely to help the United States of America if it helps England." The only objection to helping England is that it might annov Hitler. Hitler is already annoyed, and the war, though undeclared, began when the first of Hitler's agents entered this country. Sabotage adds casualties almost daily.

Mental confusion surrounds everything today. Nothing is clean-cut. Nothing, neither man nor event, can be accepted without qualifications. Yet there never was a time when it was so vital for a man to make up his mind as there is now. The difficulties are endless. Every newspaper we pick up presents news and opinions which we cannot reconcile with our previous experience.

If eighty million people can be educated into a fanatical belief in National Socialism, other millions can be educated into a belief in true democracy; into a belief in the rights of man, into self and mutual respect. Since Herr Hitler

has created a machine perfectly adapted to destruction, there is no reason why a great democracy cannot create a system based on the highest instead of the lowest instincts. It would be harder to do, because it is easier to go downhill than up. But it is not impossible. In fact, it is the only course to pursue if civilization is to continue. But it requires faith, effort, and the belief in the sanctity of human life and endeavor.

And it must divorce the pursuit of happiness from its material contexts.

"The Shape of There are no experts today who

can pierce the mists of events to come. But through the mists, certain probabilities stand out, looming against the darkened sky. All that is certain is that the disaster of war will leave all Europe in a state of starvation and chaos.

There is also the possibility that nothing as orderly as this will happen. There is a possibility of complete breakdown everywhere; of famine and disease; of armed bands of soldiers living by plunder while there is plunder; of communism profiting by the earlier

phases of disintegration, breaking down and becoming anarchy; of men ceasing to be men and becoming animals crazed by fear and lust, destroying all things in a suicidal orgy. Should the war go on indefinitely, as it may, should an epidemic such as the Bubonic Plague which has made its third known appearance in history, spread from Asia, then complete anarchy becomes a definite possibility.

It is a certainty that the old forms of personal life, of individual business operations, have gone forever and that inevitably the Americas will be forced into the world pattern of controlled trade, heavy taxation and the disciplined regimentation which alone can save democracy. It is probably too late now to save democracy intact. It is now a matter of saving life and the remnants of our civilization.

Hitler has a million men who will die for him, throwing away their lives in a desperate effort to achieve a decisive result. He has, by education, produced them out of his ant-heap civilization. They are the fighter ants, whose function is to protect the worker-ants. Germany is fighting a fanatically-

inspired crusade for what she believes to be right.

The only answer to such a crusade is a counter-crusade for what we, the others who are not German, know to be right. It is a war not only to the last man, but to the last idea. And it is the last idea which will count the most.

Peace in our time seems an impossibility, and the mere cessation of war, a period of respite, too much to hope for. The end of the world has come, in the sense that it is the end of the world we understood. Because it has come slowly, over a period of a whole generation instead of according to Biblical formula, few believe it is here. That the dead have not risen in their graves may be merely that there are not yet sufficient dead.

Today man stands before his God, stripped of his illusions, his hope, stripped of all things but those impulses of his heart and mind that force him to choose between God and Mammon, between good and evil, between fighting, perhaps dying, for his freedom, or living, and perhaps dying, as a slave.

He is stripped of all things—of everything but his decision.

Features You Won't Want to Miss in the April Coronet—out March 25th.

### **Looking Forward**

# WHY HITLER DESPISES GERMAN-AMERICANS by Rene Kraus

"America," Hitler once exploded, "has been harboring five generations of German slackers. But I will get them back. I will get them." Here is Hitler's famous "Plan A" for German-Americans—disclosed by the famous biographer of Winston Churchill.

# GOOD NEWS ABOUT CANCER by Sydney C. Schweitzer

Public Killer No. 2 of our generation has been considerably over-rated. For Cancer can be cured! Today the only mystery is that such facts as these are not more widely circulated.

# EXECUTION IN FLANDERS by Maurice Maeterlinck

The 78-year old distinguished Belgian (author of *The Blue Bird*) tells a moving story of how, one war ago, the mayor of an insignificant little city in Flanders and his gardener met Death.

#### DO YOU PAMPER YOUR HUSBAND? by Gracie Allen

"The whole thing reminds me of the time my grandfather had pneumonia and mother sent Daddy out to get a gallon of gin," says Gracie. We don't know what her latest crusade will remind you of, but we guarantee at least a gallon of laughs.

# The Coronet Game Book Section

When the first edition of Coronet's Game Book Section appeared last October, we recommended it for an ideal evening at home. Now, in the April issue, Coronet presents a new edition of 24 pages—new games and quizzes to test your mettle and that of your friends.

- In addition: Stealing the Housewife Blind by Howard Whitman . . . Our Frontier in China by Pearl S. Buck (author of The Good Earth) . . . Outwitting the Censors by Michael Evans . . . Could Lincoln Have Been Saved? by Otto Eisenschiml . . . and five other articles and short stories.
- Also: A beautiful gatefold presentation of three impressions by Rockwell Kent, including one in full color; a Portfolio of Photographs entitled Easter in Jerusalem; a new Cartoon Digest; a collection of 32 full-page storytelling photographs; and a miscellany of marginal features.

WATCH YOUR NEWSSTAND FOR THE APRIL CORONET

# More Readers who clipped dividends Dividend Coupon

No. 1 last month need no introduction to Coupon No. 2 below. By this time they are safely launched on a new hobby which has all the fascination of a grab-bag. For those who wish to begin this month, however, the following points are repeated:

1. The privilege of securing these monthly dividends is cordially extended to all subscribers and newsstand patrons of Coronet. These full-color reproductions of outstanding paintings, photographs and special features are offered free of charge with the coupon below.

- 2. Reproductions will be mailed in unfolded sheets, in a reinforced mailing tube, so that they may be utilized for framing or for binding into a permanent collection.
- 3. Due to limitations of quantity, only one reprint to a person can be made available, and this can be assured only while the supply lasts. The indication of a second, and possibly a third, choice will be helpful in the event the quantity has been exhausted on the first-choice subject.

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